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Prohibitionists, Politicians and Publicans.

THE Privy Council's decision upholding the right of Manitoba to enact a prohibitory liquor law, though not unexpected, has created consternation amongst publicans and politicians alike. Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, when Premier of Manitoba, caused the law to be enacted, but it did not save him from being driven by the temperance constituency of Brandon into political oblivion later on. His successors in the Manitoba Government have now before them the choice of either repealing, amending or enforcing the act. Outside of Winnipeg, Manitoba is overwhelmingly prohibitionist, and if the act is either repealed or tinkered with, the farmers, who are comparatively free from temptation, would doubtless make a special display of their virtue by turning the Roblin Government out. On the other hand, Drewry, the great Winnipeg brewer, and nearly all of those largely concerned in the liquor traffic in Manitoba, are Conservatives, and only accepted Hugh John Macdonald's dictation to them as to the prohibitory act because they could not help themselves, Hugh John having promised such a law if given power to enact it. Anything to beat Greenway was good enough before the election which defeated that Premier, but now it is exceedingly doubtful if the stalwart anti-prohibition Conservatives who spent their time and money to bring their party into power, will quietly consent to have their financial throats cut to make a temperance holiday. The liquor interest may have had something to do with Hugh John's defeat, and it is not too much to believe that it will contribute to the overthrow of the Roblin Government as well, if this stringent prohibitory law is enforced, as it can be at least partially enforced in a country so isolated as Manitoba.

In Ontario the publicans and politicians are disturbed and the preachers delighted by the thought that the question of prohibition is now up to them. For many years when the prohibitionists sought legislation, Sir Oliver Mowat and his successors, while professing themselves in sympathy with the movement, cast doubt upon the right of a province to pass such a law. Sir Oliver Mowat went so far as to promise a prohibitory statute as soon as the power of the province to legislate was established. Whether by direct promise or only by inference, Hon. G. W. Ross having encouraged the temperance people to believe his attitude to be identical with that of Sir Oliver, the prohibitionists feel that the time has come when they have a right to demand and expect the passage in Ontario of an equally stringent law to that of Manitoba. The politicians seem to have been cornered, but Hon. G. W. Ross particularly appears to have been securely treed. His Government can no longer claim to be in doubt as to their power to do the thing the prohibitionists ask, and while they may find means of temporizing, they will never be five minutes ahead of the spectre which up to the present moment they have been able to elude. The question of compensating the liquor interest is sure to be discussed, the possibility of enforcing such a law must be considered, and the propriety of such restrictive legislation enquired into—but when or where? Fortunately or unfortunately for Mr. Ross, there is a session of the Legislature still to be held before he goes to the country, and unless he fulfils his promise he is certain to have a red-hot time holding back the prohibitionists without displaying himself as the Artful Dodger, the Cartilaginous Contortionist, the Rubber Reformer.

For Leader of the Opposition Whitney things look easier, but if he thinks he has found a soft snap he should handle it with care lest it be full of thorns which may pierce him if he presses this windfall to his patriotic heart. There are those who think that windfalls are about the only variety of fruit which comes to those who do not plant nor prune that they may gather in a harvest of their own, and that windfalls, too, are frequently wormy, and too great confidence should not be placed in their market value. Mr. Whitney and the majority of his friends will doubtless oppose prohibition, and on the platform and in the press do their best to drive the Ross Government into the pen which the preachers and agitators have prepared for them. They should not be too eager to be observed by the publicans in this task, lest even those whom they are trying to serve will be irritated by their attitude. It is unnecessary to say that the publicans do not want prohibition, and will have but little stomach for the man who tries to drive the Ross Government into a corner from which there will be no escape but the passage of a prohibitory law. The better class of Conservatives, moreover, even if they have no sympathy with the fanaticism of the prohibitionists, will be disgusted to see their party leader and his followers eagerly acting as the chore-boys of the distilleries, breweries, and licensed victuallers. The situation is full of perplexities, and Mr. Whitney may as well recognize the fact that in this province there is a grave suspicion that he and his friends are not free from the taint of being as much under the influence of corporations as the Government is said to be, and that they have never distinguished themselves as the possessors of either industry, capacity or courage. If, then, politics and prohibition are to be mixed in the coming election, where will Mr. Whitney stand, even if he obtains the solid support of the liquor interest? If the fight be given the complexion of a campaign between capacity and prohibition on one hand, and incapacity and rum on the other hand, with the fanatics, parsons and hysterical women shrieking for prohibition without regard to politics, where will we land? Would political questions get a fair discussion? Or would prohibition and the possibility of enforcing it, compensation to those whose business would be destroyed, and the propriety of attempting to force people to be good by statute, be as thoroughly examined as they deserve to be before the whole domestic economy of the province is threatened with being upset? The Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York, though admittedly a man of unimpeachable integrity and great ability, has just been beaten because of the sinister influences under which he ran, and because of the tough following he had. Let Mr. Whitney beware of appearing to become the leader of those who in a flight will doubtless be stigmatized as the rag-tag and bob-tail. If with the thoroughly respectable following of the Conservative party he was not trusted enough to be made Premier, what would happen if his fight be put up for him by those who are, wrongfully no doubt, suspected of being the most conscienceless element of the community? We would surely have a virtue vs. vice campaign, with all the slander and shrieking of such a fight, and hates and feuds would be developed, not to be downed for a generation. And Whitney would be regarded as the captain of what the parsons would call "the forces of evil."

I am opposed to prohibition because I do not believe that it will prohibit, particularly in a province where there are so many cities and large towns; because I do not agree with it in principle, and have no faith in its practical workings; and mostly because the cause of temperance, which has been advancing so rapidly for the past few years, would be set back indefinitely if that which is being so well done by education is turned over to informers and the force of an unnatural law. The merits of the question may properly be discussed later on, but speaking as the average man, believing in neither extreme, I am quite willing to bow to

the will of the majority. The present Legislature was not elected on the temperance issue, and has no right to decide either for or against a prohibitory law. It received its mandate from the people nearly four years ago, and it would be unfair, as well as unwise, because the Premier made promises which it appears to me he should not have made, to demand at the coming session, at the fag end of the Parliament, at the bayonet point of the prohibitionists, a revolutionary law for which neither political party nor the people themselves are prepared. The prohibitionists must be careful not to demand too much. Mr. Whitney and his following must be careful not to overwork their apparent advantage lest the Government be placed in such a peculiar position that public opinion would justify it in doing nothing. This would leave prohibition still in our politics—where it acts as a hateful thing—to disturb and destroy the proper discussion of provincial issues of vastly more importance. I do not believe in temporizing. I do not believe the people of Ontario are willing to have their politics obscured by an exaggerated moral issue which might lead to the election of temperance cranks on one hand, and licensed victuallers' puppets on the other hand, and thus permit the general business of the province to go to the dogs. We want the next Legislature to be elected on the broad issues of progress and development of the people and the province, not as to whether those who

without any reference to the Legislature or the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

Voting on such a law would be a definite and absolutely decisive thing, such as has not taken place hitherto. It is easy for thoughtless voters to deposit their ballots in favor of some nebulous prohibitory measure to be enacted in the vague future, but when a stringent measure is on the statute books awaiting the confirmation of the popular voice, I believe the people will be slow to vote in favor of what they will be made to understand is an exceedingly stringent and arbitrary measure. No milder law would have any chance of being enforced, though a milder one might have a greater chance of being approved by a plebiscite. If we are to have prohibition in any form, let us have it in as sharp and workable a shape as possible, and let the question of whether we are to have anything of this sort at all be decided by itself without any political or other issues. The campaign for and against it would doubtless be bitter; the possibility of its enforcement would be discussed from every point of view; the question of compensating those whose business would be ruined by the passage of the law would receive due attention, and every phase of the practicability, the propriety and usefulness of such an enactment would be presented to the minds of the electorate free from extraneous issues. I believe it would be beaten.

Those interested in the liquor business have already had their investments shaken and their livelihood threatened by



A GOOD JOKE ON SOMEBODY.

(Amateur photograph by Mr. Harold Penson.)

want a glass of beer may go into a licensed house and get it, or creep through the back window of a bum resort on a back street and be satisfied with bad whisky.

It is up to Hon. G. W. Ross and his colleagues to prevent this threatened condition of political chaos. The day of dodging is past. Promises will no longer prevail; there must be a clear-cut issue, and the sooner it is put before the public the better. It will not do for Mr. Ross to evade the issue by saying that the coming extra session is but the fag end of a tired Parliament called mainly to vote funds for the continuance of government during the coming year, and that if returned to power he will pass a prohibitory law. This would throw all the fat into the political fire, and if he were returned we would not know whether it was a victory for prohibition or simply a rejection of Mr. Whitney and his followers. If he is beaten no one will be able to definitely say whether he was overwhelmed by the anti-prohibitionists or whether he was rejected because of his general policy. I can easily see how he could benefit by such a course, for in many of the constituencies men might be Liberal candidates who would pledge themselves to support him only on his general policy, but refuse to endorse an anti-liquor law. Such candidates would have considerable strength with the liquor party, for Whitney's followers would not be pledged, and the temperance people might say, "We will support Ross's candidate so as to save the Ross Government, and thus gain prohibition, for if Whitney's temperance or doubtful candidate is elected, possibly the Ross Government will be overthrown before the question of prohibition is ever reached in the Legislature."

There seems to be but one thing for a self-respecting politician to do in a crisis such as this. Mr. Ross has pledged himself to the prohibitionists; he should keep his pledge, and no doubt he will. But he made it, not as a person—that would have been of small value to those who asked it—but as Premier, and he must keep it as one charged with many other duties than those belonging to the office of president of the Dominion Alliance. His first duty is to faithfully fulfil the trust reposed in him by the people, and this can only be done by keeping politics and prohibition entirely separate, so that one may not obscure or bedevil the other. He has promised to pass a prohibition law as strict as the constitution will permit. Let him do so at the coming session, duplicating the Manitoba Act itself if he wishes to be absolutely certain of keeping within the limits of provincial authority. It was drawn by Mr. Aikens, a strong prohibitionist and able lawyer, and would probably satisfy even the most exacting anti-liquor people in Ontario. He should include in the statute a clause submitting it to a referendum, to take place several months after the provincial elections—in order to give time for a separate campaign—and making provision that it shall come into force in case the majority favors it, on a certain fixed date.

the recent decision of the Privy Council. Certainly they should not wish to be left in doubt, and if they are wise they will be satisfied with an opportunity such as the referendum will afford of presenting the justice of their case and the hardships with which they are threatened, without any other and overshadowing interest.

The temperance people, if they are fair, will also be satisfied, for surely they do not want to snatch a verdict or force a government whose lease of office is just expiring to do a revolutionary and unauthorized thing.

To Premier Ross this solution offers a means of vindicating his courage, consistency and statesmanship. He is built on too large a plan, including a large future, and has too much ability and self-respect, to try to evade the issue, and if he takes some such method to fulfil his pledge and quiet this ever-recurring agitation, he will certainly establish his manliness, and even if he is defeated need feel no shame at his overthrow.

DON.

Things in General.

OF the total amount raised by taxation this year in the city of Toronto—\$2,410,811—\$145,787 is for water. Water-users have to pay rates, in addition to their taxes, \$283,300, a total of \$420,087. The waterworks engineer says that half the water pumped is wasted, and this appears to be about the percentage of waste in other cities in the United States and Canada where water meters are not attached to every service tap. Across the ocean, in Great Britain and Europe, cities with waterworks take from one-half to two-thirds less water per capita than is used in America, and the enormous waste of water which is permitted on this side of the Atlantic astounds the people on the other side. It is a popular superstition in Toronto, and probably accounts for a portion of the water wasted, that the more the taps are let run the better the sewers are flushed. Up to a certain point this notion may have some foundation in fact, but the additional expense of making sewers large enough to carry away the result of wastage amounts to a very large sum, and the disposal of the over-liquefied sewage is made a much more difficult problem. On the other hand, an impression prevails that large expenditures would be necessary for the maintenance of sewers, whereas the contrary has been demonstrated in actual practice, the cost in several large cities having been shown to be only about one per cent. of the amount invested, for the inspection and care of the water meters and service. During the hot weather especially, hundreds of thousands of gallons of water are wasted by those who desire cool drinks and use the water service as a sort of refrigerator. In the winter there is an enormous waste at fountains which are let run during the cold weather in order to prevent the pipes freezing. It seems to me that the only

fair way is to put meters in all the services and charge the water-users for the amount taken. Those who use very little because they are careful would have but little to pay, or could increase the number of taps in their homes so as to have water in almost every room without much or any additional expense beyond the plumbing.

The argument against water meters is that over-frugal housekeepers would use less water than necessary for sanitary purposes, but as a matter of fact if the cost can be reduced more people will take water and provide themselves with closets and baths. At present a great many people of the poorer class have only one faucet, which is located over the kitchen sink, and hesitate to put in closets or baths for fear of an additional charge. There are a great many who do not understand the way these charges are made, while others feel that they would be paying for the wastefulness of their neighbors, and get along with as few modern improvements as possible. Aside from these objections, the reduction of the amount of water to be pumped by the adoption of the meter system would probably be in the neighborhood of one-half, the expense would be greatly lessened, and the possibility of a trunk sewer system brought nearer to us.

The latter feature has been emphasized by the statement of Hon. Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, that he will not recommend the improvement of Toronto's harbor by the Federal Government until this city shall cease discharging its sewage into the bay. The whole question should be considered at once, and though the taxpayers may feel reluctant to undertake the large expense of a complete and modern sewage system, it will be much better to begin at once what can only be deferred for a few years, rather than hang back and let the harbor be put out of business. In estimating the cost of the sewers which will be required, the Engineer might be asked to state the difference between the cubic feet of liquefied matter which is now discharged and the probable output if the water meter system were adopted, and also compute the decrease in cost of disposing of sewage which contains no more liquid than is necessary for its movement.

PARLIAMENT should take the matter in hand and keep Thanksgiving Day away from the chill and snow or the mud of late November, and also arrange for its greater remoteness from Christmas. Why not fix the 9th of November, which is the King's Birthday, as the date of Thanksgiving, or make the Thursday nearest to the 9th of November the time for celebrating the joint events, so that people may annually take advantage of the Friday, Saturday and Sunday following for paying visits to distant friends? If we wait till the close of navigation and till the majority of the things that we are thankful for fade out of our minds, we might as well abandon the custom as to make the inopportune of the date a matter of complaint and embarrassment. However, we were willing to be officially thankful on the day appointed, though I have grave doubts of the genuineness of statutory gratitude. Certainly Canada as a country never before had as much reason to thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift as it has had this year, and even if there had been no holiday declared and no turkeys slain, the contentment and prosperity of the Dominion could not have been an unacceptable thank-offering.

IT is no new thing to see people get "ugly" when not permitted to evade their responsibilities, but when men or organizations start in to assail one another for the privilege of assuming new burdens, that no one has asked them to assume, the spectacle may well occasion comment. Such, it would appear, is practically the state of affairs as between the Anti-Consumption League and the National Sanitarium Association. The average citizen may be excused for growing suspicious of the true occasion for so much warmth as has been generated between these two organizations, each existing ostensibly for a purely philanthropic purpose in a field where there ought to be room for both. The fighting of consumption is an important work for someone. There may be differences of opinion as to whether the task belongs to the municipalities, and in any event we cannot afford to hand over to any close corporation the regulation of so serious a matter. But here are two corporations contending for the exclusive right to do whatever fighting of consumption is to be done in Toronto. The language reported to have been used at the City Council on Monday by the promoters of one of these organizations with regard to the other was of such an extreme character as to raise the question, What is behind the ostensible philanthropy of these movements? Is the hope for gain a motive, where the public have been led to suspect only a charitable desire to alleviate human suffering and save life? Why should the Rev. Dr. Eby have waxed so hot in his denunciations of the National Sanitarium Association as to have execrated them, as reported, for having "damned five hundred or one thousand into disease or death"? It surely cannot be that the reverend gentleman is actuated by anything not appearing on the surface. Yet such language leaves him open to disagreeable imputations. If we are asked to believe that the National Sanitarium Association have such a good thing that they wish to "hog it" and exclude everybody else from participation in the dividends, we are confronted by an equally improbable alternative. It may be that the desire to gain notoriety is back of a good deal of the fuss that is perpetually being kicked up over this matter. The public, however, has a right to know more about the real motives of those who have thrust this question into prominence in so disagreeable a manner.

AS everyone anticipated who knew anything of the matter, the gambling investigation, so loudly and insistently called for in certain quarters, was utterly abortive, except as it served to rehabilitate police reputations and to teach the public that if gambling flourishes it cannot be put down under the present law, and that no effective law could probably be devised that would not be arbitrary and oppressive. Under the circumstances there was nothing for the editor of the "News" to do but withdraw general charges which he was not prepared to substantiate with evidence. Somebody must accept the risk of getting hurt whenever any alleged evil is to be wiped out, and it is idle for so-called responsible parties to confide "facts" to a newspaper editor unless prepared to come forward if called on to divulge what they know. Equally futile is it for a newspaper to enter on a crusade if it cannot bring its words to the proof, either because it has no information or because its information has been gleaned from confidential sources.

An official prominently connected with the police force has called my attention to several phases of the gambling question which are worth mentioning. "Why," he enquired, "should mud be thrown by the newspapers at the police and unfounded accusations be made against the characters of men connected with the force who hitherto have been considered above suspicion? Cannot a policeman's family possess feelings which may be injured, and cannot the policeman himself be permitted to possess self-respect and a good reputation which may be damaged? The newspaper which has been attacking us says much about the people who are injured by indulging in gambling, and de-



The Pianola is not attached to the piano in any way, but is simply rolled to the instrument when its use is desired. Any one can play his piano with the aid of the Pianola, whether or not he knows one note from another.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler's Estimate of the PIANOLA

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY:

Ever since the Pianola arrived, I have wanted to express to you the great pleasure it has given me and my family, but I really did not have a leisure moment.

I consider the Pianola a remarkable achievement, one calculated to exert a powerful educational influence. By means of this wonderful invention those who love good music, but have not had the advantage of musical training, can reproduce the most difficult compositions with much the same sensation as though they were themselves manipulating the keyboard.

Many pianos that in the past were merely mute pieces of furniture have now been endowed with a voice.

The Pianola may and ought to do away with that army of incompetent and ungifted players, who might be better occupied otherwise.

The technical perfection of the Pianola performances are, of course, the envy of even the most brilliant virtuoso. The opportunities offered for taking pedal, increasing and decreasing the tempo, and producing dynamic effects, such as accenting, crescendo and diminuendo, seem almost incredible in a mechanical instrument.

Altogether, I feel that the world is under a great debt of gratitude to the inventor of the Pianola.

Most sincerely yours,
FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

The fact that this well-known artist considers the Pianola a great help in making the piano accessible to all, and that in its use expression can be imparted to one's playing just as if the human fingers were employed, indicates the wide extent of the possibilities of this instrument both as a means of pleasure and as a means for the development of a higher musical taste.

It is now an established fact, substantiated by thousands of Pianola owners, that it is possible for anyone to play his piano with the aid of the Pianola, whether or not he knows one note from another.

How well the Pianola may be used in concert work was demonstrated at a recent concert given at the Waldorf-Astoria. To this instrument was allotted the accompaniment work in the rendition of that masterpiece of Liza Lehmann's, "In a Persian Garden," so ably rendered. It was the unanimous expression of the soloists, Miss Hildegard Hoffman, Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin, Mr. Mackenzie Gordon, and Dr. Carl E. Duff, that the part played by the Pianola as accompanist could not have been more ably performed.

The Pianola must have a direct interest for you. It is an ideal entertainer in the home, and makes a very acceptable Christmas gift. The cost of the Pianola is \$275. It gives you the full value of your piano. It may be purchased by partial payments.

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mands that we should call everyone whose names we have obtained, either accidentally or otherwise, to testify as to the existence of gambling-rooms. If we called as a witness every man we have seen going into suspected places, we would get little or no evidence, but the fact of these people being summoned, in almost every instance would cause them to lose their situations and bring misery and disgrace to hundreds of families. Perhaps the presence of these people in a suspected locality was accidental. Many are curious and go to see a game once, do not join in it or ever return. Should they be blackened as if they were professional gamblers? Even if everything that is alleged with regard to gambling be true, this city would compare very favorably indeed with any of its size on this continent. Toronto is by no means a gambling city in the sense of having many professional gamblers, or places where a game can be always picked up. Of the large clubs I can say little or nothing. Of smaller ones which get licenses as clubs from those higher in authority than we are, I know almost as little and have no power to know more. In justice to Toronto's reputation and to that of its police, these points, it seems to me, ought to be called attention to."

A LADY writes to me from a small place of five hundred or a thousand inhabitants as to what I would think of a club for boys and young fellows for a place of that size. She says there are many "bright young men whose homes, although respectable, are not just convenient for a meeting of congenial spirits, and others who are boarding who are inclined to go somewhere and do something of an evening, and it is the idea of some of us to provide suitable quarters. The present plan is to have three apartments, comprising a gymnasium, a reading-room, and a room for games. I would like to have your opinion on it." I think the idea is a very good one, and that those who are conversant with the necessities of the lads and young men of a place are much more competent to suggest details than one like myself, unacquainted with the means and materials at hand. This is a club-going age, and little as I admire those institutions which take married men and women away from their homes of a night, I am strongly in favor of a proper resort for young fellows who desire to meet congenial spirits and should not of necessity be forced into either a prayer-meeting or a saloon. First of all, it will do the young fellows a great deal of good to perfect and, with many lads perhaps, maintain an organization of some sort. Little organizations will grow out of the greater one, and with every step taken the young folks will feel more confident and self-reliant. The independent, self-managing club is infinitely preferable to those which are organized and managed by elderly people and in which the young folks feel like schoolchildren under a master's eye. It is better to have a few mistakes at the beginning than, in trying to avoid such errors, crush the spirit of the whole thing by making it a sort of athletic kindergarten. Do not let the old heads select the newspapers, the magazines, the books and the games, or make the rules. The public opinion of the locality is enough to keep the young people within respectable limits without anyone standing over them with a gad. Do not attempt to have any kind of refreshments. Do not be too critical, and remember that a club has to be very bad before it ceases to be better than the bar or amusement room of a public-house.

It was noticeable in the recent speech of the general manager of a leading bank that the paid-up capital stock of all the banks of Canada has only increased in the last twenty-five years from \$66,800,000 to \$67,480,000, where it stands to-day. The business of the country in the meantime has doubled over and over again, in spite of the fact that the bank money available for business purposes has scarcely increased at all, though almost \$37,000,000 has been added to the rest funds of the banks. It is evident that the people have been borrowing one another's money and the banks have been getting much of the profits out of the transactions. We hear people advised to save money against the proverbial rainy day! Supposing that every man, woman and child of the five or six millions in Canada saved fourteen dollars each, which would only average about seventy dollars to a family, all the capital stock of the banks would be hid away, and there would be no money with which to do business, excepting the rest fund, which would not be in existence had the frugal policy advocated by those who advised the putting away of money in a stocking, and individual saving and "forethought," been listened to. It is a queer situation, isn't it? And it would be queerer if all the depositors who have been saving money were to decide that the banks were untrustworthy and demanded their cash. The situation proves what great faith the people have in banks; and if one is anxious to find out how little faith the banks have in the people, all he needs to do is to get next to a bank manager and try to borrow some money. It is a one-sided proposition, but it goes all the same, though the man who asks for time to meet a note seldom has nerve to remind the banker that his institution could no more face a sudden settling day than the weakest of its clients.

THE remarks made on this page lately with regard to the possibility of trade reciprocity between the United States and Canada, are being borne out by some of the heads of big industries rushing down to Washington to protest against any change in the tariff. The clamor of the lumbermen for the retention of the duty of two dollars per thousand on lumber has already been heard. The iron and steel industry has not been represented at the reciprocity convention, and, as I have frequently stated, the political and commercial theorists who talk generalities are not apt to prevail as are the millionaire manufacturers, who howl like a pack of hungry wolves and picture the ruin which would come to hundreds of thousands of families if the duties be reduced and industries are crippled. It is easy to understand the effect of a blue ruin cry, for where their daily bread is threatened, even vaguely or temporarily, the workmen do not pause to reason, but go in droves to vote against the party which has disturbed them. It does not seriously matter to Canada, for we have the greater part of the white pine and spruce left standing, and the United States will have to buy it, no matter how their lumbermen may howl; and if the report be correct that the first output of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company of Sydney, Cape Breton, has already been sold in large quantities to different firms in the United States, in spite of the tariff, the greedy Trust may sulk at home or go to the convention and kick, and still Canada will be able to undersell the country which is cutting into the iron and steel business of every other nation on earth. There is very little hope of Canada being forced to consider the reciprocity question in the near future, but it is evident that this country is no longer scorned by the Yankees either as a customer or as a competitor.

HONORABLE GEORGE E. FOSTER delivered a lecture a few nights ago in Association Hall on "Canada, the Young Man's Country." If all the other politicians who are temporarily out of business would be kind enough to drop politics and take up patriotism as a theme, we might hope for all our young men to stay at home and minister to the rapidly growing wants of this giant country of the North. Mr. Foster can do a great work if he still further employs his eloquence in persuading the young men to boldly and bravely grasp their share of the task of developing and governing this Dominion, which is practically unlimited, not only in area, but in possibilities and people. He who is a young man now will be amazed, bewildered, and perhaps sorry, when he looks back one or two score years hence, that he did not recognize in his youth and power the enormous opportunities which lay unused at his hand. No ambitious youth need go elsewhere, for if he goes afar he will not yet have found so great a country, till in his wanderings he meets the millions of hopeful people who are already beginning to wend their way hither to take possession of that which the sons of our soil hold in such light esteem.

Social and Personal.



HE bright and beautiful were out in full force at McConkey's on last Friday evening, when one of the largest young folks' dances ever given in Toronto was on the tapis. Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge were host and hostess of this large function, with a couple of pretty daughters and a most attentive son as aids. Mrs. Falconbridge received in her own cordial manner, looking a stunning figure in a rich black gown with deep bertha of rare point lace—worn with the dignity and grace which render the handsome chaperone a distinguished figure in our beau monde. A very small group of married friends were at this dance, the family connection including Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, and the intimate friend of Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, being also, with Mrs. Colin Sewell, privileged guests. Lady Kirkpatrick, who is adored by the young folks, to whom she is so unvaryingly kind, looked radiant in black with diamonds. I also caught a glimpse of dainty little Mrs. Montague Adamson in a very pretty white gown. But the beautiful changing picture of the dance was the young girls and the bright young men who have not grown blasé with society nor able to miss one dance with composure. There were white-frocked debutantes, already quite at home with many partners more than their programmes will contain, halving dances with those admirers who practically confess that half a loaf is better than none—and stealing a round with some late-comers swain, while the early bird frantically glares about in search of the naughty miss whose name is on his card. For there were men galore at this charming dance, more men than girls, in fact, as several busy maids gleefully whispered, and the music was simply inspiring; all the new dances and the best old ones, encoored again and again, kept the dancers on their feet until half-past three in the morning. There were some beautiful gowns, which enhanced the loveliness of their young wearers, but it conveyed little idea of their effect to call them blue or pink or green when soft little dimpled shoulders and smiling faces and glossy hair and the slim, childish forms of the young things were so much more fetching than mere colors. Every debutante boasted the charms of youth and happiness, and among the society girls who have been out for one or more seasons there was a pleasant interest in the debutantes which led to many comparisons and much grave discussion of points, which was carried on with an affectation of years most amusing. Among the smart gowns were Miss Josephine Brouse's brilliant red frock, and Miss Melvin-Jones's elegant gown of pink embroidered with sequins in large roses; Miss Vickers' dainty frock of pale blue, Miss Harrison's handsome black gown, Miss Violet Langmuir's becoming dress, and lovely round bouquet of exquisite violets, fringed with lily of the valley, exhaled fragrance as its graceful owner floated by in some dreamy waltz; Miss Gertrude Elmsley's dainty white silk, strewn with Dresden roses; Miss Matthews' soft airy little gown of pink chiffon and lace, with some pretty jewels; each girl looking her very best. A very sweet-looking visitor in town was Miss Tandy of Kingston, who wore her soft brown hair in the latest coiffure, waved and parted on one side, and knotted low on her dainty head. Miss Dancereau of Montreal, who is visiting Miss Foy, was a dashing belle in blue. The busy young hostesses, Miss Emily and Miss Evelyn Falconbridge, were most tactful and unceasing in their duties, introducing strangers and seeing that everyone enjoyed themselves. They are always pretty and most becomingly gowned, and on Friday looked very well, the elder sister in white and the younger in pale blue and white. When supper was announced and the elders led the way, they found the whole of the large cafe upstairs arranged with tables crowned with flowers, and accommodating about one-half of the



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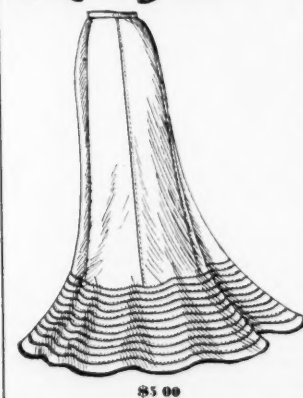
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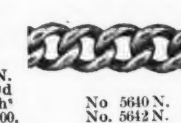
No. 3839 N. Three Fine
Diamonds, \$50.00.



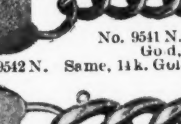
No. 7300 N. Solid Gold
Brooch with Opal Center,
\$5.50.



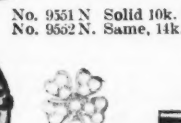
No. 7361 N. Same, without
Opal, \$4.50.



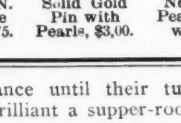
No. 3192 N. Solid Gold
Pin with
Pearls, \$2.00.



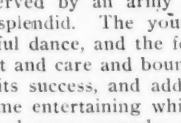
No. 9541 N. Solid 10k.
Gold, \$10.00.



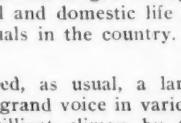
No. 9542 N. Same, 14k. Gold, \$13.50.



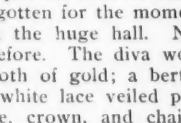
No. 9551 N. Solid 10k. Gold, \$24.00.
No. 9552 N. Same, 14k. Gold, \$28.00.



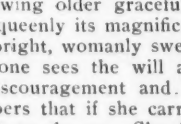
No. 9577 N. Solid Gold
Pin with
Pearls, \$3.00.



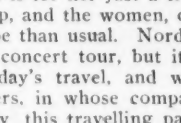
No. 9496 N. Gold Brooch, with
Pearls, \$6.50. No. 9497 N. Same,
with Diamond Center, \$12.50.



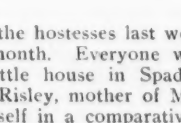
No. 3510 N. Solid Gold
Pin with
Pearl, \$2.00.



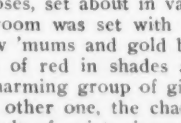
No. 3510 N. Solid Gold
Pin with
Pearl, \$2.00.



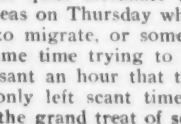
No. 3510 N. Solid Gold
Pin with
Pearl, \$2.00.



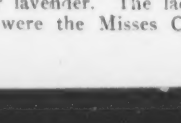
No. 3510 N. Solid Gold
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Pearl, \$2.00.



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Pin with
Pearl, \$2.00.



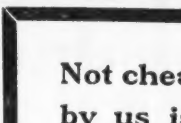
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Pin with
Pearl, \$2.00.



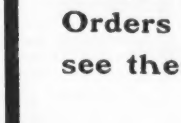
No. 3510 N. Solid Gold
Pin with
Pearl, \$2.00.



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with Diamond, \$13.00.



No. 3801 N. Fine Diamond
Ring, \$25.00.



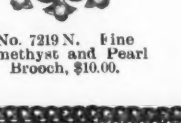
No. 3809 N. Fine Diamond
Ring, \$35.00.



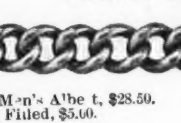
No. 3810 N. Fine Diamond
Ring, \$50.00.



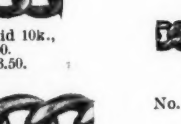
No. 3805 N. Fine Diamond
Ring, \$50.00.



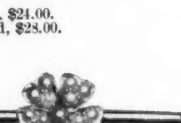
No. 3812 N. Fine Diamond
Ring, \$100.00.



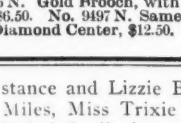
No. 3853 N. Five Fine
Pearls, \$20.00.



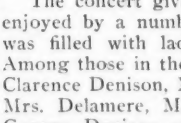
No. 3852 N. Five Fine
Diamonds, \$50.00.



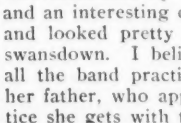
No. 3859 N. Fine Sapphires
and Diamonds, \$65.00.



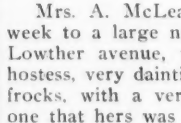
No. 5526 N. 14k. Heavy Solid Gold
Hunting Case, "Special" 17-Jewel Move-
ment, \$50.00.



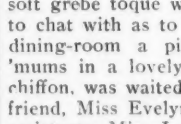
No. 5527 N. Same, Finest Gold Filled
Case, \$25.00.



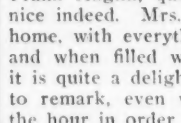
No. 5501 N. 14k. Gold Filled Extra
Ryrie Bros. 15-Jewel Movement, \$18.00.
No. 5502 N. Same, Heavy 14k. Solid
Gold Case, \$27.00.



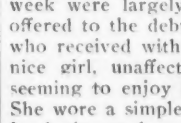
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Gold Case, \$27.00.



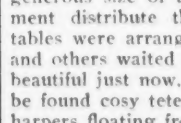
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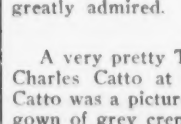
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Gold Case, \$27.00.



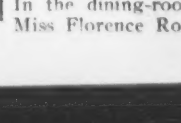
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party, the others continuing the dance until their turn came. Although the cafe is not so brilliant a supper-room as the palm-room, it is preferable for many reasons, principally because more roomy. All the nice things of the elaborate ball menu were handily served by an army of waiters, and the supper was voted splendid. The young folks will not soon forget this delightful dance, and the few older guests realize how much thought and care and boundless hospitality were represented by its success, and added a crowning lustre to the constant home entertaining which makes the Falconbridge house a rendezvous eagerly accepted by the fortunate friends of this delightful family, while it is indeed a truism to say that the bright example which is given in her religious, social and domestic life by the mistress of the home has few equals in the country.

Nordica came, saw, and conquered, as usual, a large and fashionable audience hearing her grand voice in various songs which were brought to a brilliant climax by the startling Wagnerian selection which no one has ever begun to sing so well. Even the holy and spiritual tone in which she sang Handel's great aria was forgotten for the moment when Brunhilde's call rang through the huge hall. Nothing like it was ever heard before. The diva wore a magnificent gown of shell pink cloth of gold; a bertha and drooping elbow sleeves of fine white lace veiled part of her fine arms; a girdle, necklace, crown, and chains, stars, and all sorts of dazzling arrangements of diamonds blazed on her snowy neck and bosom and sparkled in her soft puffed brown hair. She is growing older gracefully, her matronly form holds even more queenly its magnificent carriage, and her fine face is full of bright, womanly sweetness and genius. Looking at her, one sees the will and courage which upheld her under discouragement and injustice in days gone by, and remembers that if she carries herself regally she has every right to do so. She has earned it despite every hindrance. The men do not rave over Nordica in the usual way—there is for her just a trifle higher niche in their house of worship, and the women, one and all, recognize in her a nobler type than usual. Nordica has begun here a long and arduous concert tour, but it is ameliorated by every luxury of to-day's travel, and with the queen of song are her two sisters, in whose company she takes much comfort. Incidentally this travelling party confesses for Nordica, and suggests sweet thoughts of her whom we do well to honor.

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross were the hostesses last week of one of the jolliest teas of the month. Everyone who could, turned up until the bijou little house in Spadina road was simply overflowing. Mrs. Risley, mother of Mrs. Prince, had a little reception to herself in a comparatively quiet corner of the drawing-room, where her friends had a pleasant chat with her. The drawing-rooms were decorated with pink mums and Meteor roses, set about in vases of rare glass, and the cosy dining-room was set with the prettiest of tea-tables, done in yellow mums and gold bullion centerpiece, with a vivid touch of red in shades and Meteor roses, and waited on by a charming group of girls. As everyone seemed to know every other one, the chatter and laughter were immense, the rush of gaiety in every direction leaving no lack of subject for talk when madame and mademoiselle foregathered. It was quite fortunate that there were half a dozen or so other teas on Thursday which compelled the Spadina road guests to migrate, or some of them would have probably spent some time trying to get in at all. It was so bright and pleasant an hour that they remained as long as possible, and only left scant time to rush away home, dine and dress for the grand treat of song at the Nordica concert. Mrs. Prince wore a handsome white silk gown veiled in black lace, and Miss Ross wore a delicate grey crepe de chine over lavender. The ladies who took charge of the tea-room were the Misses Con-

stance and Lizzie Boulton, Miss Muriel Ridout, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Trixie Hoskin, and Miss Kay, and the guests included all the smartest women in town.

The concert given by the band of the Body Guard was enjoyed by a number of persons, and the officers' gallery was filled with ladies, as was also the gallery vis-a-vis. Among those in the officers' gallery were Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Miss Denison, Miss Denison and Mrs. Delamere, Major Wyly Grier, Miss Glossop, Major George Denison and little Miss Clare Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Miss Gibson, and a number of others. The selections by the band were interspersed with songs and an interesting cornetist, Miss Bletsoe, played very well and looked pretty in a pink evening gown trimmed with swansdown. I believe this young lady and another attend all the band practices, to which Miss Bletsoe is taken by her father, who appreciates the useful and improving practice she gets with the crack band, who are all proud of the bright young musician.

Mrs. A. McLean Macdonell gave a very nice tea last week to a large number of friends in her pretty home in Lowther avenue, where she was a most charming little hostess, very daintily gowned in the smartest of grey crepe frocks, with a very pretty touch of pale pink to remind one that hers was a pink tea, and one of the prettiest, imaginable of those diversions. With Mrs. Macdonell was the sweet singer, Miss Ella Walker, in a grey dress and soft grebe toque with violets. Miss Walker is as delightful to chat with as to listen to, which is saying much. In the dining-room a pink lighted table, centered with white mums in a lovely jardiniere, billowed with pink silk and chiffon, was waited upon by Miss Macdonell and her merry friend, Miss Evelyn Falconbridge, always bright and clever assistants, Miss Laura Ireland and Miss Florrie Patterson, equally successful in looking after their friends, and Mrs. Frank Anglin, quietly gowned in black and looking very nice indeed. Mrs. Macdonell has a most cosy and pretty home, with everything dainty and artistic in its planishing, and when filled with a congenial company, as last week, it is quite a delightful rendezvous, as everyone made haste to remark, even while obliged to curtail the pleasure of the hour in order to attend teas elsewhere.

Mrs. Osler's twin teas on Thursday and Friday of last week were largely attended, and many good wishes were offered to the debutante niece of the hostess of Craigleigh who received with her. Miss Marjorie Cochrane is a very nice girl, unaffected and pleasant in her manner, and seeming to enjoy her debut more than is usually the case. She wore a simple and pretty frock of white organdie profusely inserted, and looked very well. Craigleigh is such a splendid house for an affair of hundreds, because the generous size of the rooms and their convenient arrangement distribute the guests evenly. Several refreshment tables were arranged, and the Misses Osler, Miss Bethune and others waited on the guests. The conservatory is very beautiful just now, and in all corners of the rooms were to be found cosy tete-a-tete seats, while the soft strains of the harpers floating from the billiard-room added to the charm of the hour. The splendid portrait of Mr. Osler was perfectly lighted by a reflector in the entrance hall, and is greatly admired.

A very pretty Thursday tea was last week given by Mrs. Charles Catto at her home in Broadbalt street. Mrs. Catto was a picture of grace and sweetness in her becoming gown of grey crepe with touches of fine lace and pink, and about her drawing-room were many fine and odoriferous roses, lilies and violets, the air being sweet with their fragrance. In the dining-room Miss Taylor of Florsheim, Miss and Miss Florence Ross, the Misses Graham, Miss Millicamp,

Miss Ellie Catto and others were deft assistants. The table was rather unique in its color scheme, green tulle diamonds and deep red being chosen, with red-shaded candles. Some of the guests who left their wraps upstairs discovered a bonnie wee mannie of three, the picture of healthy, handsome boyhood, demurely seated behind a heavy curtain, from which nook he observantly took his own baby notes on the new century woman, whose advances he sternly refused with great dignity, a dignity not emulated by the younger wee, who is a rollicking baby indeed. These young men have absorbed the attention of their pretty mother for the last few years, and her tea on Thurs-

day is the first she has given for quite a time. All her friends enjoyed it even more on that account.

Invitations are out for Knox College annual At Home, which will be held on Friday evening of next week, December 6th, at eight o'clock. The patronesses are Miss Mowat, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. J. L. Blaikie, Mrs. Caven, Mrs. Ballantyne, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mrs. Warden, Lady Taylor, Mrs. McFadyen, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Kilgour, Mr. John J. Monds, B.A., is president, and Mr. A. McTaggart is corresponding secretary of the Literary and Theological Society.

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Social and Personal.

ON Monday afternoon a very large and pleasant tea was given by Mrs. Joseph Oliver at her home in Ontario street, at which the bride, Mrs. Staines (nee Woodley), and Mrs. Donogh of Buffalo received with the hostess. The two elder ladies were in black—very pretty gowns, relieved with lace and jet; the little bride wore her wedding dress, a very dainty white gown, with silk embroidered chiffon trimmings. The drawing-room, which is of generous proportions, was crowded with ladies, and the buffet, which was set at the far end of the long room, was very sweetly done in York roses and ferns, giving it a very bridal-like look, probably a compliment to the pretty assistant hostess. About the drawing-room were many exquisite roses and 'mums of pink, and the softened music of the harpers was another pleasant item in the afternoon's attractions. Ten ladies were in charge of the refreshment table, and a cosy little tea-table in one corner was presided over by a couple of smiling young matrons. Among the waitresses were the two handsome daughters of Mrs. Gerhardt Heintzman (whom friends were glad to greet again after her late seclusion through illness), Miss Olive Woodley, Miss Sterling, Miss McGiffen, Miss Jones, Miss Doran, Miss Bulley, Miss Angus and Miss Kent. Several of the most attractive of the East Side debutantes were among the guests, Miss Eastwood and Miss Wheeler looking particularly bright and pretty. Mr. Oliver came in just as the tea was breaking up, and with his little daughter by the hand, made a brave sortie in the tea-room, the little five-year-old lassie in her white frock dancing beside her big papa. Mr. Oliver was evidently early home on purpose, for instead of making a dash for some sanctum, he gave the fair assistants greetings and compliments, and was in no haste to leave them.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. J. Herbert Mason entertained a huge party of young men and maidens at a most delightful tea at Ermeleigh. Miss Amy Mason assisted Mrs. Mason in welcoming the young folks, who thoroughly enjoyed the affair. The house was profusely decorated, the deep red carnations which adorned the library being chosen in compliment to the Greek Letter Society of which the son and heir of Ermeleigh is an enthusiastic member, and which has adopted the odoriferous red carnation as its flower. Mr. Douglas Mason was most efficient as host in particular to the young people, following the example of a father noted for his watchful and kind attention to his guests. Mr. Mason was, as usual, looking after the ladies in his own cordial manner. The hospitalities of Ermeleigh are always profuse and elegant, and the usual beautiful buffet was set in the dining-room, where the young folks enjoyed the good things with that happy oblivion of after-effects which their elders are moved to envy them. No dinner duty deters her belle from a second dish of ice cream, and amid her many compliments and the excitement of a first season she has been known to take even a third quite undiminished. Everyone has been glad to see that Miss Allie Mason is so much stronger as to be able for a few days. At Mrs. Alley's last week and at Ermeleigh on Saturday she enjoyed from her chair the passing and pausing of her many friends. Rev. Carey Ward, the new parson of St. Peter's, who is popular, was with the young people at this tea.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Grahame Browne, who returned from their bridal trip last Saturday, were at home on Monday afternoon and evening at Mrs. Carlyle's residence in Gerrard street east, and many friends of bride and groom called to wish them every happiness and good fortune in their New York home. They left, I believe, a day or two since for Gotham, where Mr. Grahame Browne has a good position in one of the banks, and where a cosy home is now occupied by the happiest of couples, if appearances are not unusually deceitful. On Monday the bride wore her pretty and dainty gown of white lace, a very beautiful Limerick pattern, and her sunny fair hair dressed in the now modish low puffs, a most becoming style to her. Mrs. Patton, her grandmother, and Mrs. Patton, her aunt, were at the pleasant reception. The latter was daintily gowned in rose foulard, touched with white and black. Mrs. Carlyle has a fine six-foot son and a bright young daughter to console her for the absence of her eldest child, who will nevertheless be greatly missed at home.

Miss Lina Drechsler Adamson's violin recital was so artistic and charming a musical treat that one felt pleasantly how advanced Canadians are becoming in the divine art. Miss Adamson's own playing was a rare enjoyment to her audience, and her friends, the Misses Littlehales and Miss Birnie, were perfect, as was expected. M. Renaud, the young French-Canadian pianist, is artist "au bout des ongles," so that the most perfect person in the audience was cheered by a delightful programme, with no discordant note. Listeners in the back seats could have dispensed with the chatter of three boys, who, I understand, are employed as ushers, and also with the cheerful discussion during an interesting number of a group of men, some of whom are musicians and should have been more considerate. Miss Littlehales held an enthusiastic impromptu reception after the concert, and was surrounded by her old friends who rejoice in all her successes. She is the same simple-minded, earnest Lillian who worked so hard in Toronto years ago, and has overlooked the usual acquirement of a superior or condescending tone by virtue of her fame. A musical man remarked that the three artists were a great credit to Canada, which is only a small part of the truth. By the way, it would be a comfort if the platform decoration committee would not put their greenery in such a position as to screen the hands of the pianist from the audience downwards. It is sometimes educative and interesting to watch them.

Miss Lillian Littlehales was the guest of her intimate friend, Mrs. A. Huyck Garrett, during her short stay in Toronto. She left on Tuesday afternoon to fill an engagement.

Mrs. John Blaikie gave a pleasant

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Book No. 5 for Men (sealed).
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

tea last Saturday at her home in Bloor street to her married friends, at which a large and smart company was present. On Tuesday Miss Blaikie's young friends were the guests of Mrs. Blaikie. Each tea was most successful.

Twin teas were given last week by the Misses Windeat of Cecil street, which were attended by many friends. Mrs. Lou Stewart, Miss Isabel Ryserson, Miss Evelyn Robertson and Miss Nevitt assisted in the tea-room.

Mr. Waldie is having alterations made in his home in Rosedale and Mrs. Waldie will not receive this year, but will be at home to callers in January.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich are again at their home in St. George street. Mrs. Dewar, Mrs. McMurrich's mother, and Miss Dewar of Hamilton are, I am told, to spend the winter with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon are spending the winter at Moss Park, during the absence abroad of Mrs. and Miss Allan.

A most annoying contretemps occurred in the sending of cards for a recent social function, which is causing some searchings of visiting lists and a good deal of telephoning. Some hundred or more of the cards were sent down to the general post-office in a box for postage. Why they never got out of that box is the question, and the fact that they did not accounts for many of the expected guests not turning up at the function. The hostess, knowing "someone had blundered," ascertained by telephone that certain prominent persons had never received their cards, and enquiries resulted as above.

Rev. Cameron Nelles Wilson, well known in Trinity circles here, is a professor at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.—the "Eton of America"—but his friends are hoping he will soon return to clerical work in some church in Canada.

I hear a rumor of two more possible dances at McConkey's which will be much welcomed if they eventuate.

Miss Mason of Ermeleigh gave a pretty luncheon last week to a few friends of her sister, Mrs. Cesare Marani, who is on her way to the west coast this week. Pink roses and carnations were prettily decorative on the table, and the guests included Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Le Fevre of British Columbia, her hostess, Mrs. Gibson of Rosedale, Mrs. Ivan Senkler, Mrs. Gordon Macdonald, Mrs. George Blaikie, Mrs. Fred Campbell, Miss Mortimer Clark and Miss Madge Davidson. Mrs. Marani was bidden adieu with many regrets.

St. Michael's Cathedral was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding on Monday, the 18th inst., at 6:30 o'clock a.m. The contracting parties were Dr. R. J. McGahey and Miss Kate Davis, both well and popularly known in Toronto. On account of the young couple taking an early train for their honeymoon in the South, the ceremony was at an early hour, notwithstanding which many friends were present in the cathedral. The nuptial mass was said by Rev. Dr. Tracey, who also performed the marriage ceremony. The bride was given

Twice Told Tales.

No Meat Extracted From Them by Some who most Need the Facts.

We have more than twice told the reader of the fact that he or she may perhaps easily discover the cause of the daily ill-feeling, and the experiment is not difficult to make.

But there are readers who think truths are for someone else and not for themselves.

Some day the oft-told fact will flash upon us as applicable when the knowledge comes home that day after day of inconvenience and perhaps of suffering has been endured, the cause not being recognized or believed, although we may have been told of the cause many times over, but never believed it applied to us.

It would startle a person to know how many people suffer because they drug themselves daily with coffee. We repeat it, it is a powerful drug, and so affects the delicate nervous system that disease may appear in any part of the body, all parts being dependent for health on a healthy nervous system.

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away by her cousin, Rev. Frank Walsh, C.S.B., who also assisted. Miss Anne Davis, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Dr. M. M. McGahey was best man. The bride's going-away gown was of navy cloth, with white feather boa and hat to match. Dr. and Mrs. McGahey will take up house in the spring in Toronto.

The ladies who assisted in the drawing-room at Mrs. Oliver's tea were Mrs. J. Kent, Mrs. A. Kleiser and Miss Oliver. In the tea-room were Mrs. O'Malley and Mrs. Woodley, and the ladies who waited on the guests were Mrs. Will West, Miss Olive Woodley, Misses Sterling, Miss McGiffen, Miss Angus, Miss McGiffen, Miss Jones, Miss Doan, Miss Bewley, Miss G. Kent and the Misses Heintzman.

The many friends of Colonel and Mrs. S. H. P. Graves, late of 185 Crescent road, Rosedale, will be glad to hear that amongst the birthday honors the King has been graciously pleased to confer the honor of knighthood on their uncle, J. H. Digges La Touche, C.S.I. The title is of more than ordinary interest, as Lady La Touche was born near London, Ont., and educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in that city, and is a sister of Mrs. P. E. Bucke, 571 Queen's avenue, London. Sir James is now on his way to Allahabad, to take up his residence there as lieutenant of the North-West Provinces of India and chief commissioner of Oudh. His territory has a population of over 30,000,000 souls.

The Queen's Own sergeants have issued invitations for an assembly to be held in St. George's Hall on Friday evening, December 6, and will have the patronage of Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatt and officers of the regiment, and the patronesses Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Mrs. J. Murray, Mrs. P. L. Mason, Mrs. L. L. Palmer, Mrs. J. O. Thorn, Mrs. J. George, Mrs. A. B. Lee.

Mrs. Melfort Boulton gave a very pleasant afternoon tea for the young girl friends of her daughter, Miss Athol Boulton, on Tuesday afternoon. It was a veritable "beauty tea," and the group of girls who filled the bright drawing-rooms would have been noticeably lovely in the largest and smartest crush. Four or five of the young matrons who are born under a lucky star are usually to be seen as privileged guests at young folks' teas, and sweet Mrs. Rolleston Tate of Lakeland, Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill and one or two others, were at Mrs. Boulton's on Tuesday. The hostess received the young people in a very handsome white and black figured gown, with guimpe of white, and very delicate touches of turquoise velvet, and looked stunning, as is her wont. Miss Boulton, fair and bright and cordial, welcomed her girl friends heartily, and the chatter of the fair ones (among them the golden-haired cousins from Glenedyth and Miss Nettie Barwick, who assisted to wait on the girls about the tea-table) made sweeter music than the most finished harpists ever achieved. There is a different tone in the fresh young voices of the girls, from the harsh gabble of an equal crowd of women of mature years, and the little ripples of laughter, the little cries of interest, all the bright, youthful ways of the girls, are most delightful to watch and hear. Some pink 'mums in a tall vase were on a beautiful embroidered centerpiece on the tea-table, and the tea was the cosiest, most informal and enjoyable of the month.

Miss Enid Wornum went up to Hamilton for a week's visit on Thanksgiving eve, and I hear was a belle at the St. Andrew's ball there.

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Thomas Hodgins gave an informal tea for her sister, Mrs. Dewar, and Miss Dewar of Hamilton, who have again come to pass the winter in Toronto. The large and cosy drawing-room, with blazing grate fires, was a welcome rendezvous on a cloudy and threatening evening, and, as usual, the pleasant atmosphere of home and absence of all crowding was even more welcome after so many huge teas.

Mrs. Millman of Huron street is giving a dance in the Temple ballroom on next Tuesday evening, December 3. This will remind many former patrons what a splendid floor is that of this ballroom, and the guests of Tuesday's hostess will enjoy it in perfection.

Among the midwinter weddings I hear that of Mr. Laurie Boyd and Miss Charlotte Jarvis will be one. Miss Jarvis is one of Toronto's most lovely girls, and as her marriage will not take her out of our city, the ranks of the young matrons, who have for many superior charms to the most dashing debutante, will receive a queenly new member.

Never has more heartfelt regret been expressed at the leaving of a clergyman than was voiced this week by the choir and congregation of St. Thomas's Church on the retirement of Rev. F. G. Plummer, who has been for years a devoted and very successful assistant minister there. The music of St. Thomas's Church has been an attraction and power for good which cannot be overestimated, and to Mr. Plummer's care, skill and devotion its excellence is mainly due. On Tuesday evening some of the congregation presented Mr. Plummer with a purse of one thousand dollars in gold, and the choir boys took the opportunity after choir practice last week with a very smart Russia leather suit-case. I believe Mr. Plummer is going south for a good long vacation, but hope his valuable presence will at the end of it be seen in some prominent position in Toronto diocese.

Mrs. Harley Roberts is giving a tea next Monday afternoon. Mrs. Carveth of College street gives a tea in honor of her daughter, Miss Aileen, debut on Wednesday. Miss Harris of St. George street has sent out cards for a tea next Friday.

Mrs. (Dr.) Wilson of London is visiting Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins of College street.

The Mendelssohn Choir have decided upon January 30 as the date of their concert. This is always one of the winter's gems in a musical way, and the date is announced as early as possible, that conflicting engagements may be avoided, as the subscribers number all the most prominent society people

in town. Harold Bauer, the only pianist who can put Paderewski's nose out of joint, is to be the bright particular star of the Mendelssohn Choir concert.

The twenty-fourth annual banquet of Trinity Medical College will be held in the Temple Building next Thursday evening.

Miss Helen Gzowski is visiting Mrs. Andrew Allan of Montreal.

Miss Pearl Macdonald is visiting Mrs. Fisk of Montreal.

Not for many seasons—in fact, since '96—has that most fascinating little lady, Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins, entertained as she did last Tuesday, and the coming of her friends was a veritable inundation. Everyone was pleased to see the hostess looking so bright and well, as she did, in her pretty heliotrope crepe gown, with her winning smile and graceful greeting. That this pretty function was a "violet tea" there was no doubting, for the blossoms were everywhere, strewn the exquisitely set table, breathing sweet nothings to the busy girls who wore them on their dainty frocks; even shading the lights above were huge iris leaves, deeply, darkly and beautifully, not "blue," but violet. Mrs. Atkins' home confesses her artistic nature, one of the most cultured in Toronto, and it was an unusual treat to admire her various treasures in that line, though the superb woman was rather in the way for that sort of enjoyment. Everything was beautifully done, the refreshments of the most dainty and tempting, and the buffet a picture, with a centerpiece of rare lace over violet satin and a huge vase of pinky-mauve chrysanthemums, with the modest violets humbly strewn at their base. Miss Atkins of Wellesley street, in a very pretty smoke-gray crepe gown, touched with steel trimmings and white lace, and the nieces of the hostess, the Misses Graham, the Misses Adam Wright, Miss Helen Kay, Miss Agnes Vickers, Miss Belle Montgomery, Miss Marion Barker, Miss Lillian Burton and Miss Clara Sutherland were kept busy looking after the hundreds of ladies. It was a very jolly tea, and probably everyone felt what so many expressed, that Mrs. Atkins has been sadly missed during her enforced seclusion from the gay world. However, she is now as radiant and happy a hostess as one could desire, and may it be long indeed before either ill-health or bereavement again shuts her away from her friends in the social pursuits of the season.

Several very pleasant dinner parties have been given this week, and quite a dozen were in progress on Thursday night. Guests were in town for the holiday, and several little teas were quietly arranged in their honor. It is a real kindness which our hostesses so well understand how to bestow, to ask the particular friends of the flying visitor for the tea-hour, and give both guest and friends the pleasure of a long chat.

The news of Sir Edward Hutton's appointment has given pleasure to the Toronto friends of that fine soldier, but we are rather jealous of our Antipodean brethren that for them will be the delight of "Lady Edward's" society, than which none more charming has ever come our way. Lady Hutton possesses the indefinable power of making everyone feel her friend, and her sweet, sunny smile and beautifully modulated voice linger pleasantly in the memory of those who had the privilege of her friendship.

Life a Burden.

The Condition of Mr. Gardiner, Smith's Falls.

He Suffered Miserable Days and Sleepless Nights—Hands, Feet and Limbs Stiff and Swollen.

From the "Record," Smith's Falls, Ont.

"There is wonderful talk about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, why don't you try them?"

These words were addressed to Mr. Andrew Gardiner of Smith's Falls by a friend when he was in the depths of despondency regarding his physical condition. For three years he had suffered so much that life had become a burden to him, and oftentimes, he says, he almost wished that he might die. Then he spent miserable days and sleepless nights; now he is enjoying life. Then his feet, hands and limbs were stiff and swollen, and he was tormented with a constant stinging, creepy sensation in his body which gave him no rest day or night; now he is as supple as ever he was, with the stiffness, the swelling and the creepy sensation all gone. He attributes it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Gardiner is a man of about 65 years, an old and highly respected resident of Smith's Falls. Having heard a good deal of talk about the improvement effected in his health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the "Record" sent a reporter to ascertain the exact truth, and Mr. Gardiner told him substantially what is related above. He said that he tried a number of doctors—as good doctors as there were in the country—but got no relief. He was given to understand that the trouble was caused by bad circulation of the blood, but nothing did him any good. He could not wear boots, his feet were so swollen, and when he tried to walk his legs felt like sticks. Finally, he was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. He took six boxes, he said, but did not see that he was much better. He determined to quit taking them, but was persuaded to continue them for a little while longer. When he had taken ten boxes he was greatly improved, and when he had taken twelve boxes he was so well that he did not need any more. It is several months since he has taken them, and he has had no return of the trouble. When the reporter saw him he was wearing his ordinary boots, and he said he could get into and out of a buggy as well as any man of his years in the country.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by dealers in medicine, or can be had, postpaid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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But remember this, if you are going to have one made to order, you mustn't delay a day in "booking" it.

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Notes From the Capital.

Politie Demeanor of Visiting Irishmen.—Dancing Follows Speech-Making.—Archbishop Duhamel on Eucyre Play.—Trouble Among Supreme Court Judges.—Society Events.

THE event of last week in the Capital was undoubtedly the visit of Mr. John Redmond, M.P., and his colleagues. Even the sending of a third contingent was not more discussed than were these Irishmen and their cause. The meeting in the Russell Theater was a wildly enthusiastic one, and in the immense audience which filled the theater one saw leading men, not only of the Capital, but of the Dominion; Englishmen, Scotchmen and French-Canadians were there as well as Irishmen. Mr. Redmond is a splendid speaker, but it was not his eloquence which had telling effect so much as his common sense and his entirely constitutional manner of treating his subject. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. R. W. Scott and Hon. Clifford Sifton were Ministers of the Crown distinguishable in the audience. Mr. Sifton sat in the front row of the orchestra chairs, leaning forward so as to miss nothing. He looked intensely interested. Captain Bell, A.D.C., and Mr. Arthur Guise were there, not of course, representing Government House, but on their own account. Mr. Guise is an Irishman and a strong Home Ruler. The majority of the audience was, as would be expected, composed of Irishmen and men of Irish descent. At first the enthusiasm was such that Mr. Redmond could hardly find a pause in which to speak, but after a while the audience settled down to quiet attention. Mr. Redmond was careful to avoid anything that would be offensive to loyal Canadians, and even Mr. McHugh, M.P., who had just been liberated from jail, where he had been sent on account of an article in his paper, said nothing that could be positively set down as a disloyal remark. Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., the third speaker, is a very handsome young Irishman of about twenty-eight, with the prettiest brogue in the world and an impassioned manner. He brought down the house by a recitation in Gaelic, with which he ended his address. It might have been Russian for all most of his hearers knew, and perhaps was horribly seditious, but everyone applauded, and three or four real old Irishmen got wildly enthusiastic, rose up in their seats and called back to the speaker in the same tongue. Mr. Redmond told me afterwards that he did not understand a word of it. Mr. D'Arcy Scott, the president of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, was chairman at this meeting, the earnest and tactful address which he made in introducing Mr. Redmond to the audience was such that the society might well be proud of him. Mrs. Redmond, in company with Miss Scott and Miss Davis, sat in one of the boxes of the Russell Theater. She is a young and very pretty woman, and, strange to say, English. A charming young Australian, Miss Dalton, is travelling with Mrs. Redmond. At Mr. D'Arcy Scott's luncheon to Mr. Redmond, the boutonniere were maple leaves and shamrocks.

Many people who attended the Irish meeting went later to St. Luke's ball, which was going on in the Russell House. Mrs. Clifford Sifton was one of these. She had been with the Minister in the theater, and the Minister came with her to the ball. Mrs. Sifton was one of the chaperones, and she looked very handsome in a gown of gray brocade, with touches of pink to lighten the somberness. Until her arrival Mrs. O'Grady-Haly and Mrs. R. W. Powell did duty as chaperones, for Mrs. Fred Booth, the youngest chaperone, though present, was in great demand as a dancer. It was a very good ball—super, music and floor, all good—and I understand that the receipts were satisfactory to the ladies' auxiliary of St. Luke's Hospital.

On Monday night there was a progressive eucyre party for the Ottawa General Hospital, the Gray Nuns' Hospital. It was fairly successful as regards receipts, very much so in point of enjoyment, but, they say, to be the last, for Mgr. Duhamel, who has always objected to eucyre parties in behalf of public charities, is now coming out very strongly against them.

The nurses who went out with the first Canadian contingent to South Africa under the superintendency of Miss Georgina Pope have volunteered to go with the new detachment from Canada. As yet their application has not been answered, but it is likely to be accepted. Pleasure is freely expressed here that the command is to be given to Lieutenant-Colonel T. D. B. Evans. He belongs to Ottawa, and is immensely popular, and the general impression is that a better man could not have been found.

The cards for the much-talked-of aides dance have not yet materialized, and as time goes on one begins to wonder if they ever will. Cards are out for another dance, however—one that is to be a good one, and of which the Harkness will be the scene. Mrs. George H. Perley will be the hostess at this dance, and it is to be in honor of her guest and sister-in-law, Mrs. Webb of Quebec. Mrs. Perley's afternoon reception last week was one of the largest ever given in Ottawa. The hostess wore a handsome gown of pompadour silk, trimmed with black Chantilly lace. Mrs. Webb wore gray crepe de chine, trimmed with white. Many handsome gowns were worn by ladies who attended, but there was not a very good opportunity of seeing them.

The Supreme Court has forced itself into public notice this week. As a rule one forgets about the Supreme Court except on those occasions when the justices appear at openings of Parliament in picturesque scarlet robes. This week the want of proper decorum exhibited in the absence of the Chief Justice has been freely discussed by old ladies and young ladies, old men and young men, at least, luncheons and at the clubs, and as the offending justice is one of the least popular persons in official life at the Capital, universal sympathy is with the justice whom he so rudely and so unnecessarily snubbed.

The Women's Canadian Historical Society, or perhaps I should say the local branch of that society, have got out tickets for an entertainment consisting of historical tableaux, to take place in Orme's Hall on the evening of December 13. The tableaux will be all the more appropriate as well as interesting if taken from Canadian history.

Among recent teas may be mentioned the Misses Montizambert's tea last week, Mrs. Frank Glenow's tea on Friday, Mrs. Bacon's tea for Mrs. Heward on the same day, a farewell tea given for Miss Hill, who left last week for Philadelphia, and a tea this Friday afternoon at Cliffside, the residence of Mrs. J. J. Gemmill.



AMARYLLIS.
In the Steam-Heated Flat.

"How do you suppose Santa Claus will get in?"
"Perhaps he can make himself small and come through the steam-pipes."
"Oh dear, no. He'd freeze."—"Harper's Bazar."

Social and Personal.

The Saturday Night Sketch Club of the Woman's Art Association has been organized and arranged meetings at the following residences: November 16, Mrs. W. H. Clemes, 724 Spadina avenue; November 23, Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street; November 30, Mrs. W. E. Long, 29 Cecil street; December 7, Mrs. Clarke, 93 Isabella street; December 14, Mrs. McKinnon, 410 Sherbourne street.

A very large and fashionable congregation crowded St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, to witness one of the social events of the season—the wedding of Mr. Harry Price to Miss Muriel Gilmour, only daughter of the late John D. Gilmour of Quebec. The bride is deservedly popular, and one of the ways in which her friends testified to the fact was by tastefully decorating the church with flowers, so that it wore an appearance appropriate to the occasion. The Rev. A. T. Love, pastor of the church, conducted the service, and Mr. H. O'Connor Budden presided at the organ. The bride entered the church with her brother, Mr. Kenneth Gilmour, who gave her away. She looked more than usually charming in a rich wedding costume of cream white duchess satin, trimmed with white chiffon, orange blossoms, and boucans of old Honiton lace (the gift of her grandmother, Mrs. E. Farquharson Smith), and veil and orange blossoms, with shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Her rich crown of pearls was a gift from the groom, while her only other piece of jewelry was a handsome pearl necklace and diamond star, given by Sir John and Lady Gilmour of Montrave, Scotland. The bridesmaids were Miss Mildred Cumberland of Port Hope, cousin of the bride, and Miss Flo Price, sister of the groom, who wore white mousseline de sole, tucked, trimmed with pale blue panne velvet, and pale blue panne velvet hats, and carried shower bouquets of Jacqueminot roses. They wore pearl brooches in the form of four-leaved clovers, which were gifts from the groom. Mr. Arthur Price, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Arthur Smith, Alfred Dobell, J. O'Meara and Basil White. As the bride arrived Mr. Budden played the Bridal Hymn from Lohengrin, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March pealed out as the newly wedded couple left the church and entered their sleigh amidst showers of rice and drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was served, and Mr. and Mrs. Price subsequently left by C.P.R. for Montreal and the New England States. In addition to the large number of local guests present at the wedding there were several from outside points, including Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour of Ottawa, Miss White of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland of Toronto, and the Misses McLimont, Miss Muriel Evans and Miss Smith of Montreal.

The large reception at Oak Lawn on Tuesday afternoon given by Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore was one of the brightest and pleasantest imaginable. The spacious drawing-room, with adjoining conservatory rioting in profuse bloom, tall ranks of 'mums taking prominent place, and the library and dining-room were soon filled with guests. In the latter apartment a table beautifully done in white and gold, with huge yellow 'mums and shaded lights, and a center of tulle diamonds, was attended by some unusually attractive young ladies, the Misses Pearl Moore, Eola Lennox, Florence Ross, Norton Beatty, Etta Taylor, Maud Akers, Bessie Moore and Edith Trees. The gentle silver-haired hostess and her daughter, Mrs. Moore, with Mrs. Robert Williams of Oshawa, received at the entrance to the drawing-room. Mrs. Williams wore black Chantilly lace over white silk, quite the prettiest of that combination seen this season. Mrs. Moore wore black jeweled and pailotted lace over peach silk, also a very chic gown. Mrs. Williams of Oshawa wore blue and white. Young Mrs. R. S. Williams looked very pretty, and, with Mrs. Tom Davies, Mrs. Taylor and several others, moved about among the guests looking after their comfort. There was an uncommonly smart-looking lot of frocks at this tea, everyone looking particularly well, and some of the gowns quite Parisian enough to remind one that their wearers had recently been abroad. Music of the sweetest sounded down the wide stairway, and a very enjoyable hour was spent by several hundred friends of the kind hostesses.

Miss Cumberland receives on the second and fourth Tuesdays at her apartments at 676 Spadina avenue.

A postponed birthday dinner took place in St. George street in that spacious mansion which houses those clever young ladies chaperoned by Miss Mason and Mr. Cutter, who are such earnest students and workers. I submit an account which has been for-

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warded by some admirer of the ladies who had the arrangement of the pretty affair: "Among the famous personages who sat down were Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Louise, Helen of Troy, Empress of China, George Washington, Martha Washington, the little Princes, released from the Tower for the occasion; Baby Stuart, Lord Nelson, Sir Thomas More, Flora MacDonald, Sister Dora, Priscilla, Massasolt, Mollie Brant, Pocahontas, Richard Carvel, Dorothy Manners, Janice Meredith and Mistress Chute. The tables were quaintly set in suggestion of earlier times, and were lighted by fifty brass candlesticks, with mirrors to reflect them. Place cards were designed to suggest the character impersonated, with a spinning-wheel for Priscilla, a little hatchet for George Washington, two swords surrounded by a Napoleon hat for Bonaparte, and so on. After dinner had been served and toasts drunk to those who had made the pleasant evening possible, the gay company passed to the drawing-rooms, where dancing was enjoyed. During the evening the minuet was danced by Lord Nelson, one-armed and stately, with a gallant array of medals on his breast; Napoleon, sweet Janice Meredith and Dorothy Manners. Still later the Empress of China sang a Chinese song, accompanied by cymbals, and the Indians indulged in primitive dances, and the entire company joined finally in Sir Roger de Coverley. Under the able direction of Miss Grace Roberts, the young ladies made the occasion a

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means of instruction and a test of ingenuity, and the picturesque scene will be long remembered by those who saw it."

A very pretty little dinner was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews of "Whispers," at which Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson were the guests of honor.

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THE THREE SCARS

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

CHAPTER IV. A Sound at the Door.

Only one thing I recall distinctly in connection with that night, after the moment that brought the knowledge and shock of my mother's death. It seemed a trifle to stand out, while other matters, more important, perhaps, receded into the background of my mind; yet the great events of life are reared on a foundation of trifles.

When my mother's beautiful dead body, in all its bravery of mist-grey crepe and glittering stars of steel, was lifted from the sofa where I had laid her down to die, I noticed something that had passed unobserved before, in the excitement of her coming and her sudden illness.

I had half carried, half dragged her from the door to the lounge, after she had fallen against me, fainting, without removing the cloak that lay loosely over her shoulders, and when I placed her on the sofa, the wrap lay between her and the nest of cushions.

When they took her away it was still there, and as I stood staring dazedly at the place where she had been it was suddenly borne in upon me that this cloak was not the one which she had worn to the theatre; I had never seen it before.

She had gone out in a long, primrose-tinted wrap of satin, brocaded with great marigolds in shining threads of gold. She came home to die in a short wrap of lustrous black silk, lined with a deep shade of purple.

I shuddered at sight of the thing, remembering the black, jetted dress worn by the woman with the scar on her arm, the woman whom I could not help secretly regarding as my mother's murderer. I could not bear to see it lying where mother had lain, and in a sudden passion I seized the black, purple-lined garment and flung it viciously from the sofa into a far corner of the sitting-room, where it lay in a heap on the floor.

Next day my cousin, Roger Cope, came. He had inherited my father's title long ago, and was Sir Roger Cope. An estate which went with the baronetcy had also gone to him; but he had never lived there. The old home by the sea, in Dorsetshire, which I loved, had been my mother's. She and my father were distant cousins, and though Roger had inherited the title, as next-of-kin, after my father's death, he was even more nearly related to my mother.

Very little money had gone to Roger with the title and estates, for my father had been poor, my mother rich, and the new Sir Roger Cope let his place in Dorsetshire, living in town. He was a solicitor, and since mother and I had come to London for my first season, we had been twice invited to tea at his delightful old chambers in the Temple.

When we were ready to leave the Coburg Hotel—Swift and I—for the sad journey down to Dorsetshire, the maid came to me at the last moment, carrying the black, purple-lined cloak in her hand.

"What is it, miss?" she asked. "I never saw it before. It can't be yours—or my poor lady's. Was it—what she wore home that night—by mistake, perhaps?"

"Yes," I answered. "She wore it that night—"

I was about to add that the thing should be left in the hotel, where perhaps the owner would one day come to inquire for it, when I remembered that I might reproach myself later for letting a possible clue to the woman in black pass out of my hands.

"Give the wrap to me," I said instead. "I should like to look at it." Swift laid the sombre folds over my arm, and I examined the purple lining for a pocket. There was one on each side, that on the left long and narrow, for the reception of a fan; that on the right only large enough for a purse and a handkerchief.

I plunged my hand into one after the other, and at first thought that both were empty. But into the corner of the purse-pocket was pushed a tiny, crumpled bit of paper. I pulled it out, smoothed it between my fingers, and saw that I had possessed myself of a small slip cut from the column of a newspaper.

"Lady Cope and her only daughter, Miss Sheila Cope," I read, "are spending the season at the Coburg Hotel, in Carlos place."

This gave me a new idea. I rang and sent for the manager. Of him I asked if it would be possible to find out, even now, whether anyone had called to see my mother while we were at the theatre on the evening of her death.

he knew nothing, save that she had been absent from home for a few hours.

Swift was aware only that her mistress had not come back with me, and had returned later in a dying condition, while my knowledge was not of a kind to establish proof of foul play against any person or persons unknown.

I did not even believe that there had been actual foul play. I thought that there was a mystery; that some news of a disturbing nature had been revealed to my mother; that she had learnt some secret which had come upon her with a great shock. I wished to find the woman in black, not through a hope of bringing her to justice, but because I was sure that my mother had tried to repeat to me the secret she had herself heard. I could think of no way of learning it, except from the woman who had shown the heart-shaped scar; and though I shrank with physical loathing from the thought of seeing her again, with her cat-eyes and wicked smile, still my mother told me that I must endeavor to do so if I could.

My mother had liked Roger Cope, but I did not like him; and I could not bring myself to confide in him, establishing a new intimacy between us by relating to him the events of that unhappy night. I resolved to depend upon myself alone, and when I found the newspaper cutting in the pocket of the cloak, discovering, too, that the probable owner had called at the hotel, I would not encourage the impulse to rid myself of the hateful garment.

I determined to take it away with me to the country, and decide later upon a way of using it as a clue to the mystery. Perhaps I ought to have applied to Scotland Yard, calling in the assistance of the police. But I was reluctant to do this, for I felt that such a course would be abhorrent to my mother if she could know. Besides, there was really little to tell which could make the case seem an important one.

So I kept the cloak, already vaguely forming a plan in my mind concerning it.

We went drearily down into the country, taking my mother's body; and Roger Cope went with us and was very kind.

Then came the funeral; and it was on the night which followed that my memory begins again to paint vivid pictures of events.

I was tired out. A pall of desolation had fallen upon my spirits, and I had gone early to my room. Old friends of my mother's had come to me and tried to be kind, but it was a great relief to be alone.

I had thought that when I had sent Swift away and was quite by myself, above all things in the world it would do me good to cry—to cry till I should be spent with crying.

But when I stood by the window, in my long white cashmere dressing-gown, with only the cold glass between me and the furious storm, the relief I had been looking forward to would not come. I had no longer any desire for tears. I could not even concentrate my mind upon my sorrow.

Suddenly I thought of the West Wing and the broken words my mother had stammered. Had she meant that I was to search for something and find it in the West Wing?

The West Wing was the oldest portion of a very old house; but there was nothing mysterious or secret about it, so far as I knew.

The chapel was there, unused for many a year. There was a great picture gallery, which was also a ball-room, and had a gallery for musicians at one end. There were three or four little wainscoted rooms, which had once been sacred to the family priest as long ago as the days of Queen Mary. These connected with the chapel by a private staircase, and my mother had used the prettiest room in the suite, octagon-shaped and mullion-windowed, for a study. She had liked writing letters and reading there; and when she had been in the "octagon room" it was tacitly understood that she was "not at home." Nobody was allowed to break in upon her writing or other studies.

There were other rooms also in the West Wing: huge, lofty bedchambers, only occupied when we had a house party, a thing which seldom happened; though once in a while, when Roger came for the shooting, people had been asked, to please him. Old servants, who had lived at Arrish Mell Court, my father's time, soon after his marriage with my mother, could tell of gay doings, and the West Wing rooms full of guests, who danced in the picture gallery below nearly every night. But my father had died abroad when I was a baby, and we were travelling on the Continent, I had been told; so that the West Wing had few bright associations for me.

If my mother had meant to send me on a mission to the West Wing to discover something of importance to her interest or my own, I thought that, without doubt, I should bring my quest in the octagon-room. Probably many papers of hers were kept there, and only to-day I had come into possession of a bunch of keys which unlocked, among other things, the drawers of the old escritoire at which she often wrote.

I would have given almost anything if she had been able to finish the sentence broken short by death, for I could not bear to feel that there was an ardent wish of hers which I might not be able to carry out. But I could only do my best to guess at her meaning, groping in the dark; and as the sound of her voice rang in my ears like an echo from the past, I was pricked to eagerness in the desire to carry out her instructions—at once, without delay.

It was not yet eleven o'clock, and no time would be better for my quest than night, when there would be no prying

eyes about, no whispering tongues.

To-morrow, at half-past ten, Roger was coming to Arrish Mell Court, from the inn at the village of Lull, close by, where he was spending the night. He had said that he wanted to have a talk with me on business of importance; and, as he had been my mother's lawyer for the past few years, I fancied it might have to do with money matters. I had begged for a respite of a few days before business of any sort need be discussed, but Roger had urged that everything must remain at a standstill until the matter had been thrashed out between us, adding that he was only stopping at Lull for the purpose, so that I had consented to see him. He would probably keep me talking long, and would have to be invited to luncheon (since life must go on in the usual way, even in a house of sadness); therefore, if I put off my visit to the West Wing now, I must wait, at all events, until to-morrow afternoon.

I had sent Swift to bed, and I was sure that the other servants had gone to their rooms also—were probably fast asleep by this time, for it had been a long, tiring day, and we were very early people at Arrish Mell Court.

I took up a branching silver stick, holding two candles, from my mantel, and went into the corridor outside my bedroom, which was dimly lighted for the night by one hanging lamp. At the end of this corridor was a baize door, which opened into the West Wing.

I was not a cowardly or superstitious girl, for my mother had brought me up in stern creeds, and I had no fear of going at night into a part of the house which happened to be unoccupied. Without a quiver of the nerves I opened the baize door, and moved from a region of comparative light into one which would have been dark but for my two flaring candles. I went on, threading my way through several intricate passages, past the empty, closed bedchambers, until finally I arrived at the door of the room which had been sacred to priest and chaplain.

There was a legend that these and the private staircase which led down to the disused chapel were haunted by the uneasy ghost of a certain priest, dead in the days of Oliver Cromwell. He was supposed to have betrayed the master of the house to the enemy, and killed himself in remorse, ever after walking by night up and down the stairs or through his old rooms, telling his beads and wringing his hands. But I had almost forgotten this story, and there was no thought of it in my mind as I grasped the handle of the door.

Suddenly, as I was about to open it, I heard a faint stirring on the other side.

CHAPTER V. A Midnight Search.

I paused, and my pulses gave a quickened throb. Who could be in the octagon room at this time of night?

I thought that I saw the tall form of a priest, in a long black robe, standing at the escritoire, his back to me, and, brave as I fancied myself to be, I grew cold with a chill more subtle than the sudden current of damp air could have struck into my blood. I remembered the legend of the priest, and for the first time in my life I felt the prickling shudder of superstitious fear.

I had brought with me no matches, even if I could have found presence of mind to use them; and as a soft sound of footsteps began pattering nearer to me and to the door, I turned and ran. In the darkness I stumbled against some object unseen, and dropped the candlestick with a loud crash, that went echoing through the silent house; but I did not stop. I remembered every passage, step and turning, carried me instinctively at last to the baize door, and beyond that there was light. In each corridor of that part of the house most lived in a lamp burnt faintly through the night, and it was like waking from a dream of terror to come back into the peaceful twilight.

Suddenly, I was afraid no more, and I was ashamed of myself that I had been afraid. To test my courage, I determined that I would go to my own room, take the little reading-lamp which stood on a table by the bedside, and return to the octagon room.

I was sure now that only my imagination had conjured up the image of the tall black priest, and as for the violent draught of cold air which had extinguished my candle, possibly the storm had blown open one of the windows. The reading-lamp was shaded with a globe, and I thought that its flame might be proof against an attack of swooping wind.

But the nearer I came to the door of the octagon room the more possible did it begin to seem that, after all, there might be a foundation of truth for old ghost stories. Still, I would not be driven back by nervous terrors, and once more I laid my fingers on the door handle. This time there was not a sound within, and, strangely enough, not only in the octagon room, but through the house. My lamp did not even flame as I crossed the threshold. This seemed the more peculiar, as I had hardly been ten minutes away.

My first thought was to examine the windows. All were closed and tightly fastened, but my lamp showed me that the bare, polished floor under the one nearest the escritoire was wet. I wondered if it would be possible, in such a gale as raged to-night, for a window not only to blow open, but to blow shut again.

I carried my lamp from room to room, but all was quiet. Only the shadows flickered on the curtains that hung down over the quaint bedstead where the treacherous priest had killed

himself, and made them look as if they moved slightly to and fro. But I knew that this was only an optical illusion, and I went back to the study and the escritoire, which I unlocked with one of my mother's keys.

I thought that there might be a letter addressed to me, to be opened in case of my mother's death, or perhaps a diary, which might give me an inkling of the thing she had so ardently desired to say at the last. But I could find nothing of the sort in the escritoire.

I had to close the escritoire in disappointment at length, still with her agonized appeal ringing in my memory. So thrilling was the sound, which only the ears of my soul could hear, that I made further search in every nook and cranny of the octagon room, the quaint cupboard by the deep fireplace, the drawers of an old bookcase, an inlaid chest from India, and one or two other places where it seemed possible that objects of value, relative or intrinsic, might have been kept.

But the search was a failure, and I went into the bedchamber adjoining, wondering if my mother had ever used it and the dressing-room as store-places in connection with the study of which she had been so fond. I peered into a chest of drawers, to find it empty; and in the dressing-room beyond I opened a huge wardrobe and explored its dusky depths with the aid of my lamp. An old silk tea-gown hung there, which I remembered seeing my mother wear a year or two ago. It had been very smart in its best days, but afterwards she had used it carelessly.

A sudden impulse bade me find and search the pocket, and just as my fingers had come in contact with some small object there a slight sound behind me caused me to give a start and glance wide-eyed over my shoulder.

I could see nothing that I had not seen before, yet I tingled with the impression that I was being watched.

What I had found in the pocket was a miniature key, which might almost have belonged to a piece of doll's furniture, so tiny was it.

Suddenly, when I had withdrawn the key and closed the wardrobe, I remembered that, behind me, and in the direction whence the faint noise had come, was the door which opened on the private staircase. Summoning all my resolution, and acting before it could die away, I hurried to the curtain of old tapestry which draped the door, and tried to turn the handle. If anything were really there I wanted to see it. But the handle would not move, and I had at last to conclude that the door was locked and the key taken away.

There was just one comfort in this theory. If the door was fastened nothing could have looked out at me, and my imagination must have played me another trick as it had in the matter of the priest—that was all.

My blood was up now, however, and, dimly glad to be away from the place where I had fancied such strange things, I visited every other bedroom in the West Wing.

It was one o'clock when I returned to my own room. I had been two hours away, and I was no wiser than I had been when I started.

The little key from the pocket of the tea-gown I laid on the dressing-table. I would not lose it, because it had been my mother's and because it might yet prove able to unlock some receptacle which I had not discovered. I did not attach any importance to it, however. If my mother had valued it, or anything connected with it, it appeared unlikely that the key should have lain neglected in the pocket of an old tea-gown scarcely ever worn of late.

The battle of the storm went on throughout the night.

I was thankful when morning came, bleak and gray, with no feeling of soft April in the air, and a splashing of rain upon the window-panes.

"Perhaps Roger won't come for his business talk," I thought. But the hope was faint. It took a great deal to turn Roger from any purpose he had formed.

"Oh, miss, what a dreadful night it's been!" exclaimed Swift, when she appeared to dress me. "It's a queer thing they were saying downstairs last evening—that there's always a storm like this when one of the old family dies. It either comes on the night of the death or of the funeral, sometimes one and sometimes the other. I just passed Mrs. Ewatts"—Ewatts was the house-keeper, who had been a grown-up woman and in service at Arrish Mell Court when my mother was a child—"and she said she'd scarcely had a wink of sleep for the queer noises about the house. You know what they do say happens, don't you, miss?"—and Swift's voice fell to a tone of mystery—"when there's been a death at this place?"

"No. What do they say?" I asked, curiously, as Swift made ready my bath and hung the great soft bath-towel to dry before the newly-lighted fire.

"They say that then the priest walks, not only in his own rooms, but through the house. And Mrs. Ewatts was almost sure she heard footsteps moving about in the middle of the night. She was up and at her door once or twice, the noises all about the place were so weird."

"I was in the West Wing looking through some old papers, and so on, of Lady Cope's, from eleven to one," I said. "Perhaps she heard me. I dare say she could be in her room; and once I dropped a candlestick."

"It couldn't have been that," objected Swift, "for Mrs. Ewatts looked at her watch the last time she was up, and it was past two o'clock."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, thoughtfully. "But it was nothing, of course. A storm

Advice to a Bride...

Don't take any chances at the outset of your married life. Give him

MONSIEUR

CEYLON TEA

can make strange sounds come about an old house—especially at night."

"I suppose 'twas nothing, really," the maid assented. "Mrs. Ewatts was sure it wasn't burglars, or she'd have given an alarm."

After my own experiences in the night, Swift's words impressed me far more than they would otherwise; and I asked myself if it were possible that the restless spirits of those who had signed on earth did indeed ever come back to the old haunts, allowing themselves to be heard or seen by those who were still earth-bound.

At half-past ten, on the very stroke of the appointed hour, news of Roger's arrival was brought to me. I was in the picture gallery when the word came, for a curious fascination had drawn me back to the West Wing the moment after I had breakfasted; and I had just finished a futile exploration of the downstairs rooms, unvisited last night, when I was told that Sir Roger Cope wished to see me.

I went to a room known as the Indian boudoir, where he awaited me, and in silence we shook hands.

I looked up at him rather timidly, for somehow I was dreading the hour before me—Roger's tone in asking me to spare it him had been so more than usually grave.

It struck me now as our eyes met how exceedingly handsome he was, and I wondered why I did not admire him more than I did.

Roger was thirty-six years old, though he did not look his age by ten years; and he had been only eighteen when he came into his title at my father's death. He was fair-skinned, with very light hair, which fell in a thick wave over his forehead, like a boy's. His eyebrows were almost black, and might have been carefully pencilled by an artist, in the saintly arch which they described. The lashes, too, were black, and as they were long and perfectly straight, they shadowed his curiously pale blue eyes, making them seem much darker than they really were.

It was only when the light streamed full into Roger's eyes that one saw they held scarcely any color save in the violet rim that circled the iris. His oval face was clean-shaven, and a sedentary London life had drained his clear-cut features of blood, so that his thin red lips contrasted with his white skin almost as strikingly as the dark brows and lashes with the ash-blonde hair.

If Roger had been a woman he would have been considered a great beauty, and it seemed strange to think that this remarkable-looking man, who might have sat as model for a picture of Lucifer before his fall, was only a London solicitor, who had to ignore his title and work like an ordinary mortal.

His manner was invariably gentle. His way of speaking slow—"soothing," my mother had called it, and "restful," but it was not so for me.

"Poor little cousin!" he said, kindly, as he released my hand. "You have had a bad night, I'm afraid. Your face is very white, and your eyes very big this morning. Was it the storm that kept you from sleeping, or was it your own sad thoughts?"

As he asked the two questions in one his gaze was fixed very keenly upon me, as if he meant my expression to answer him candidly, even if my tongue tried to keep a secret.

"Both, perhaps," I answered, and I was vexed to feel my color rise.

"I was thinking of you a great deal all night," he went on; "for neither was I able to sleep. I even grew superstitious, with that wild storm raging at the windows of the inn; and I wondered if the priest walked at Arrish Mell Court."

"You always made fun of ghost stories," I said.

"Did I? Well, as I grow older I'm not so cock-sure of everything as I used to be. I've begun to realize that there may really be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Last night I don't think I should have denied the priest, if I had been up here instead of at Lull."

I always had the feeling (why, I could not have explained) that Roger had motives for everything he said; that he never spoke on impulse like other people, but skillfully "worked up" subjects with a particular end in view; and now I was curious to know why he had brought in that of the priest. With a spirit of contrariness, which I often felt with Roger, I determined to thwart his design, whatever it might be.

"Let's talk of something else," I exclaimed, abruptly.

"You say that oddly!" he persisted. "I believe, Sheila, that you had a fright last night."

"I'm not at all superstitious," I answered, evasively. "Mother brought me up to think that sort of thing ridiculous. Nobody seems to have rested very peacefully last night; but I feel quite well enough this morning for that business talk which you said we must have."

Roger's eyes had never left my face, yet I hoped it had not given him much satisfaction. He saw at last that there was one subject which I was resolved not to discuss; and he knew that I could be just as determined as he, when I chose.

"Every well, to business, then," he said. "Aren't you going to sit down, and ask me to sit down? Thanks! Sheila, did your mother ever tell you anything about your birth?"

CHAPTER VI. A Secret Divulged.

I stared at my cousin, surprised at such a strange beginning.

"I hardly know what you mean," I stammered. "What was there to tell—"

except that I was born abroad?"

Roger looked down at a book he had taken up from the table. "I thought that Aunt Ermytrude might have told you some particulars," he said; "perhaps an alarm."

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haps—the night she died. You did not seem to wish me to know what passed between you in that last scene. And I thought she might—

"She said nothing coherent at all," I broke in. "She only murmured a few strange words which I could not understand. Are you going to tell me anything, Roger?"

"By and by," he said, smiling faintly. His face had brightened as I answered his question. Evidently, if he had anything of importance to tell, he was glad that my mother had not forestalled him. "Before we come to that I have certain things to ask. Sheila, you were eighteen a month ago, weren't you?"

"Yes," I replied. And my mind strayed back to my birthday. How happy I had been then! We had just gone up to London, and the world had seemed like fairyland.

"You are almost a child still, my poor little cousin. Yet Aunt Ermytrude was married before she was many months older. Did she ever speak to you about the time when you were married?"

"Oh, yes, she spoke of it vaguely some time. I suppose all mothers do," I had reasons of my own for wishing to hurry away from this subject; but Roger kept me to it.

"And the man you would one day marry? Had she anything to say of him?"

I felt myself grow scarlet. "I don't see that you have any right to ask me such things," I said. "They were between mother and me."

"I think I am answered, Sheila!" he exclaimed. "Well—you know what her wishes were, and you won't be surprised to hear that mine are the same. I have always loved you, and wanted you, dear, since I saw you growing from a bewitching child into a beautiful young woman."

Roger had been sitting in a chair opposite the sofa, where I had taken a seat; but he rose, and coming to me, went down on one knee, not in a theatrical, lover-like way, but as a big brother might do with a little sister. And very gently he laid his hand over my two, that were clasped tightly together in my lap. Altogether his manner was considerate and reassuring. But, then, Roger's manner invariably was perfect in every emergency.

"You are so young, such a child still," he went on, before I could speak, and resisting my efforts to draw my hands from under his, "that you need someone to take care of you. I want to be that one, dear. And she who is gone desired it, as you know. If it were not for that I would not have spoken yet. But she would not have wished me to delay. Little girl, what have you to say to me? You have lost the one you loved best on earth; but here is one who loves you even more than she did. Will you take me for a lover instead of a cousin?"

"O Roger, I can't—I can't!" I exclaimed. "How I wish you hadn't said it! You are very kind, but we must go on being cousins, and—nothing more."

His handsome face hardened a little. "Why?" he persisted. "You don't dislike me?"

"No," I responded, dubiously. "But I don't love you."

"I don't expect love at first—not the sort of love I feel for you," he said. "Why, you are almost too young to know what love means. Trust yourself to me, dear, and trust me to teach you its meaning."

I shook my head, and I was beginning to grow impatient. "You couldn't," I said. "I know enough about love, by instinct, to be sure that you could never teach it to me. You might try for a hundred years, and it would be just the same at the end as it is now."

"That's a hard answer," he ejaculated, flushing. "It's your youth that speaks. Perhaps, after all, I ought to have waited. But dear Aunt Ermytrude—"

"It's no use waiting," I interrupted him, with almost fierce decision. "Since you began this, Roger, we must finish it now, and not speak of it again ever—ever, if we are to remain friends. You've always been very good and very nice to me, and I've tried to be fond of you—not in the way you mean, but just as a cousin, because I knew that it was mother's wish. Yet I couldn't make myself do it. I've never been comfortable with you, Roger, or happy in your society. It's better to tell you all the truth now, so that you will quite understand that it couldn't be different."

He was still on one knee by my side, though he had released my hands now, and he was looking straight into my eyes with a very strange look.

"I'm thirty-six, Sheila, and you're eighteen," he said, slowly. "I've seen girls change who thought they never could."

"You will not see this one change!" I cried, almost crossly, for I thought that he ought in manliness to take me at my word without attempting further argument. "O Roger, I do think it cruel of you to have brought up this to-day! You said there was business

which could not wait, and yet this is all—"

"This is not all," Roger repeated, taking the words out of my mouth. "It is only the beginning. You don't understand yet, but you will by and by, and you will think very differently of me then. Instead of anger there will be, I am sure, a more kindly emotion in your heart. You will see that I pleaded with you, as for the greatest boon that a woman can grant a man, while I might have begun in another way more gratifying perhaps to my own pride, and more likely to prove successful. But I preferred to sue as a subject to his queen, rather than play King Cophetua."

"King Cophetua?" I opened my eyes and gazed at him haughtily. "I do not see the appropriateness of the simile."

"I told you that you did not understand now. But I won't keep you in suspense."

To my relief he rose from his humble posture and stood before me, looking down, veiled excitement in his face.

"Speaking of King Cophetua," he went on, "reminds me of a story—the story of a beggar maid. Once upon a time there was a man who had been poor all his life. And there was a girl who had been rich. Suddenly they changed places, though she was left in ignorance. The man loved the girl, who was very beautiful and so indifferent in her manner to him that he, who was not used to indifference from other women, was piqued into desiring to win her even more ardently than he would otherwise. He had wanted her when he believed himself poor and the girl rich. But when the change came, he loved her just as much. And to show his love, instead of saying: 'You have lost everything. Come to me, who can give it all back,' he would have let him, for a time at least, until she had grown accustomed to the idea that the best happiness of her life must come from him. Do you think that he was a man of honor or a quixotic fool?"

"He might have been—neither one nor the other," I answered, firmly, though my heart had begun to beat very fast. "Perhaps he was only—poor."

"You are a cynic, my child," Roger said, calmly. But his beautifully arched brows drew together in a frown.

"What has your story to do with me?" I asked.

"Everything, with both you and me," I looked up quickly: our eyes met and dwelt. A slight shiver ran through my body. What was coming now? I felt as if I was standing on the edge of a precipice, knowing that Roger would push me over and I should not be able to resist.

"You are serious?"

"Most serious. This is what was in my mind when I asked if Aunt Ermytrude had spoken at the last of the circumstances of your birth. This was in her mind, perhaps, when she told you it would make her happy if you could learn to care for me."

"Please don't try to break it gently, Roger," I said, my lips very dry. "Tell me everything you know—straight out."

"I will, if you can bear it. You have been brought up to believe that you were born abroad. That is not the case."

"Oh, well, it is not important."

"My cousin, Sir Vincent Cope, was not your father."

Horse Bucked.

Rider Severely Hurt.

A Cincinnati man visiting in Texas, on a ranch, was thrown from a horse and so severely injured that his life was despaired of. He takes pride in telling how food saved his life. The heavy drugs given seriously injured his stomach, and as he says: "It seemed I would soon have to starve in the midst of plenty. My stomach refused to digest food, and I ran down from 165 to 133 pounds. When my appetite failed I was ready to give up, and it looked as though I would soon 'wink out.'"

"One morning the foreman's daughter brought in what she called a splendid food, and it turned out to be Grape-Nuts. A little sceptical, I ate it, and found it was good, and just the kind of food I could keep on my stomach, which had been almost burned out by the vile drugs."

"I felt that I had obtained a new lease of life, for improvement set in at once. A week later I was weighed and had gained two pounds. My weight has since steadily increased by the constant use of Grape-Nuts, and I am now better than I have been in years, as my friends will all testify."

"In all kinds of athletic sports I notice I have a greater reserve force than formerly, for which I am indebted to Grape-Nuts. Taken in moderation it is the greatest food of its kind in the world, being equally well adapted to athletes and invalids." Paul Alvin Platz, 1906 Biglow avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Thanksgiving.



"I have an appointment to take Miss Turkey to the theater this evening. Is she dressed yet?"
"I suppose she is; the cook's been working on her for two hours."

"What, was my mother twice married, then?"

"My Aunt Ermytrude was not your mother."

I sprang up with a faint, choking cry. "It is not true!" I panted.

"It is true, and it can easily be proved. I am not the only one who knows it. There are other witnesses in whose mouths the truth shall be established. There is not a drop of Cope blood in your veins, poor little desolate Sheila."

"Desolate, indeed!" I bitterly echoed. "If it be true—oh, I will grant it true, if you choose!—why was I never told before? Why was I left to hear it from you?"

"Why should I not be the one to tell you, as tenderly as such a hard thing can be told? Had Aunt Ermytrude lived you would have been kept in ignorance at least until your marriage. Then it would have been as your husband thought best. Ah, Sheila, how I would have protected and shielded you if you would have let me! Even yet it's not too late. Look at me! I'm holding out my arms to you. Don't go away into the world homeless, penniless. Stay in this shelter and you will not miss anything that was ever yours."

"Homeless—penniless!" I echoed, dazedly. "I don't understand."

"If Aunt Ermytrude had left a will, she would, doubtless, have provided for you as a daughter," Roger went on, slowly. "Had she done so I must have known it, for I was her lawyer, and managed all business matters for her, as you are probably aware. Once or twice, thinking of some such difficulty as this, I ventured to advise her to make a will. But she always evaded me and put it off. This place was her property. She was a rich woman, with an income of ten or twelve thousand pounds a year; and had you been her daughter by ties of blood as well as affection, everything must have gone to you in the absence of a will, as you would have been the natural heir. No one else could have claimed an acre or a penny. But as it is you are not a relation at all, and you will get nothing. Everything goes by law to the next-of-kin, Aunt Ermytrude's one living relative."

"Yourself!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly. Don't blame me, Sheila. I did not make the law."

"No, but—"

"What?"

"Nothing," I said, dully.

I had been on the point of crying out: "You might refuse to accept what the law gives." But I stopped just in time.

I would have died sooner than ask or receive favors from Roger Cope. I never trusted or liked him. Now, almost numbed as I was by the blow with which he had struck me, I saw him as he was—a hypocrite, a poseur; vain, utterly selfish, utterly unscrupulous in gaining his own ends. I had lost everything: mother, home, and means of support, but I would have nothing from him. I could not yet fully realize what the revelation of this morning must mean for me. So far I only felt the pain of knowing that the beautiful woman I had worshipped and feared had never belonged to me at all. And in my misery, like some wretched little animal caught in a trap, my impulse was to bite the hand nearest. I turned on Roger.

(To be continued.)

The Growth of a Popular Tea.

Some few years ago the "Salada" Tea Company purchased and remodelled their new and commodious premises at 32 Yonge street, Toronto, making them the best equipped and most elegantly fitted tea-house on the continent. It was then thought that the facilities possessed would be amply sufficient to serve all demands for some years to come, but so great has been the growth of their business that it has been found necessary to further enlarge by adding two storeys, which will add to the appearance of an already imposing structure.

Curious Bits of News.

A young Kentucky girl of amazing beauty, who had been forced into marriage with an aged speculator whom she heartily disliked, vowed that after marriage she would never look upon her face in a mirror, seeing that it was her facial charms which had brought about the loathed union. For six years she faithfully observed the vow, until the recent death of her husband cancelled the extraordinary oath.

The common notion that Germans are the heaviest beer-drinkers is refuted by statistics published by the British Board of Trade. Last year every German, on the average, drank twenty-seven gallons, while the average Englishman drank thirty-two gallons. The consumption in the United States was less than half as much, per capita, as in Germany. With the exception of the Belgians, the British are the largest beer-drinkers in the world.

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25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

and the consumption has grown rapidly during the last fifteen years.

A card-shuffling machine has been invented by R. F. Bellows of Cleveland. It should make business poor for crooked card-players. The device is complicated, yet simple in its action.

"Card-players who want a fair and honest game are enthusiastic in their praise of my machine," says Bellows. "It shuffles cards more thoroughly than can possibly be done by hand, and it is impossible for the dealer to put up a hand to suit himself."

A funny story comes from New Jersey about an auction sale of furs which had been preserved in red pepper. About a hundred ladies and other eager bargain-hunters with a keen scent for their quarry were impatiently waiting, but as soon as the furs were opened they were all seized with a violent fit of sneezing, which was so irrefragable that, in spite of heroic struggles to continue the bidding, the sale had perforce to be stopped, and would-be purchasers were sent sneezing away.

A watchmaker at Zurich is exhibiting in his shop window a wonderful piece of Swiss workmanship, in the shape of the smallest watch that has ever been manufactured, writes a Geneva correspondent. The watch, which is in the shape of a rose, is so minute that a strong magnifying glass is necessary to read the hands, and when winding up the tiny article it is necessary to use a specially prepared contrivance for this purpose. The manufacturer refuses to sell the watch, which keeps excellent time. One rich customer offered two hundred pounds for the curiosity, but this sum was refused.

There are probably not many men living who had a brother that died one hundred and forty years ago. This, however, appears to be the case with an old man who was called as a witness in a small town of Styria. His father was married the first time in 1760, at the age of nineteen. The following year he had a son, who died again in 1811, at the age of seventy, and witness was born the next year, which made him eighty-nine. "Mark Twain dropped a tear upon the grave of Adam," perhaps this old man still grieves for his brother," comments the London "Chronicle."

Sir Harry Johnston, whose discovery of a new species of animal in the Uganda Protectorate has excited much interest among naturalists, brought back to London and exhibited there early this summer a specimen of a gigantic species of earthworm which, when alive, was about three feet long and as

thick as two fingers. Even larger species of earthworms than this exist. Ceylon has some giants, of a blue color, that attain as great a size. In Cape Colony and Natal there is a species, particolored, green above and yellowish beneath, which, it is averred, sometimes attains a length of six feet. Giant earthworms are also found in Australia and in South America.

Stevenson's Grave.
A visit to the grave of R. L. Stevenson would disappoint many people. While some time back visits to this famous hill were most frequent, the limit must now be six persons yearly. And no wonder! The place is quite overgrown with weeds, and perhaps will some day be hard to discover.—New Zealand "Times."

Just Like a Widower.
Little Clarence—Pa, when Lot's wife was turned to salt what did he do?
Mr. Callipers—Began to look for a fresh one, I presume.—"Smart Set."

Like an Employee.
When the night-watchman found a strange man stealing furs from the vault of the bank his indignation knew no bounds. "You've got your nerve!" exclaimed the watchman. "Anybody'd think you was employed here, actually!"—"Puck."

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TORONTO, CANADA



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. 15 TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1901. NO. 3.

DRAMA

THE PENITENT, a dramatization of Hall Caine's book, A Son of Hagar, was the attraction at the Grand this week, and merited better business than it received in the early part of the week. In its dramatized form the book is not recognizable at all, and in his attempt to give it an adequate staging the playwright has failed. The story as it appears in the play is rather confusing, and the births, deaths and marriages, which are pretty badly tangled to start with, finally become a puzzle of the regulation Chinese variety. Outside of this chaotic tendency, the show was really good. The cast reached a standard of excellence not usually met with in a popular-priced theater. Mr. Louis Leon Hall played the dual part of Paul Ritson and Paul Drayton. His acting as the lover and dutiful son was much better than it was in his portrayal of the low boor, Paul Drayton. Albert Perry as Hugh Ritson acted a difficult part well and did not go in for any of the hysterics and stage business usually associated with such a character. The villain is of the conventional frock-coated kind, with the Lewis Morrison smile, who goes around putting mortgages on the old homestead and making out false birth certificates. The rest of the cast was good, and the company is a well-balanced organization, which puts up a show that patrons of the Grand should enjoy.

Patrons of Shea's were given a real treat in the Hawaiian Glee Club this week. The native music rendered by this troupe was a novelty of the right kind. Some of the members had splendid voices and sang solos which received encores, but it was when the club sang the songs of their own country in unison to their own accompaniment that they were at their best. The Mortons are old favorites here and proved to be as clever dancers as ever. The eight English Roses were a "blooming" success. Their illusion dance was quite novel and deceived nearly every one in the audience. The burlesque on the illustrated song by Louise Dresser was another unique feature and was a clever take-off. We have all "seen Skinny's finish" before, but the act is in that category of clever turns that one can stand for more than once. The rest of the bill consisted of Silvern and Emmerie, the ring experts; John Kernell, the Irish comedian, and Jess Dandy, the Hebrew parodist.

Marguerita Sylva's engagement at the Princess this week, it goes without saying, has been a success. The Princess Chic is bright and tuneful, and Miss Sylva is a decided favorite in Toronto. So also is Hubert Wilke, who sings the role of Charles the Bold. A new and interesting member of Miss Sylva's company is Dorothy Hunting (Mrs. Olive Filman), until quite recently of the choir of the Centenary Methodist Church, Hamilton, and who in both her acting and singing in the role of the page Lorraine gives promise of a bright career on the stage.

Many quaint anecdotes are current of Sir Henry Irving, but a most characteristic one is told by Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as occurring during the rehearsals of Robespierre at the Lyceum, in London, where Mr. Bellew played the part of Robespierre's illegitimate son on the first production of the piece in the English capital. At the end of the first act a prince's party drives on to the stage in a country cart. It was necessary to obtain a horse, and several were brought down one morning for Sir Henry to choose from. At this time The Three Musketeers was running to crowded houses at Her Majesty's Theater, where Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing D'Artagnan and Mrs. Brown-Potter drawing all London by her marvelous performance of Miladi. The purveyor of stage horses, amongst others, brought down to the Lyceum one of the white horses used by Mrs. Potter at night in the second act of The Musketeers, and also the white pony on which Mr. Tree makes his first appearance as D'Artagnan. Bellew "spotted" her horse at once, and seeing Sir Henry eying her pony with approval, went up to him. "Nice pony, nice fat little chap, eh?" said Sir Henry. "Are you going to play D'Artagnan, too?" asked Bellew. "No; why, my boy, why?" and Sir Henry looked at him sharply, scenting sarcasm. "Oh, nothing, only I saw you looking at Tree's pony." "Which one, my boy, eh?" "The little white one," said Bellew. "You might do worse than take him; he's a devilish good actor." "Good actor, is he—good actor, how?" "Every night when Tree comes on he jumps off the pony, puts his arm around the little beast's neck, and begins to act." "What does the pony do?" queried Sir Henry. "Yawns," answered Bellew. "D—d good critic." Turning away, Sir Henry smiled as he spoke, but he didn't choose the white pony.

The buffoonery once tolerated in provincial theaters is illustrated in an anecdote set forth in the just published memoir of Barry Sullivan. Wright, who was the first Gravedigger, prepared himself to take the house by storm, by having incased his person within a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the "fair Ophelia," Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among

the audience. But as fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat Paul Bedford, the Second Gravedigger, incased himself in the castoff vests, which increased the salvos of laughter, for as Wright was getting thinner Paul grew fatter and fatter. Wright, seeing himself outdone, kept on he remainder of the waistcoats, and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew's engagement in a Gentleman of France at the Princess Theater next week ought to be one of the leading events of the season. The accident with which Mr. Bellew met in Milwaukee—falling a distance of several feet and injuring his head—was most unfortunate, and it is to be hoped will not have any adverse effect upon his engagement here. A Gentleman of France, which has been dramatized from Stanley J. Weyman's well-known novel, ought to yield the kind of play in which Mr. Bellew should shine conspicuously. Admittedly one of the greatest living romantic actors, his talents are best employed in a character of the D'Artagnan type, and A Gentleman of France is a romance after the style of Dumas the elder. The play is not divided into acts, but into eight stirring scenes, with a momentous religious issue between the Catholics and the Huguenots lined against the storm clouds



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON IN CHARACTER IN "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE."

of revolution, assassination, fanaticism, and intrigue against the throne. Mr. Bellew will have the assistance of an exceptionally strong company headed by the charming Miss Eleanor Robson.

Eugene Cowles will make his first appearance in vaudeville in this city at Shea's Theater on Monday. Mr. Cowles won his first fame as the baritone of the Bostonians, and later added to his laurels as leading man for Alice Nielsen. Some months ago he decided to star this season under the management of Mr. Frank Perley. The opera which has been written for him is not quite ready for production. A few of the more enterprising vaudeville managers learning that Mr. Cowles would be idle for two months, approached him with a proposition to spend a short time in vaudeville. The financial offer was so large that no man could afford to refuse it. Five cities will hear Mr. Cowles in vaudeville, and then he will return to the operatic stage. Mr. Shea, always on the alert for the best, was one of the five managers who secured Mr. Cowles' services. Charlie Grapevin, supported by Anna Chance & Co., will be seen in a new uproarious sketch entitled The Awakening of Pip. Hal Stephens' imitations of well-known artists will give a diversified bill ranging from Johnny Ray to Joseph Jefferson. His change to Sweatnam, black-faced, and back to Johnny Ray, white-faced, is described as wonderful. The Three Polos will have an entirely new acrobatic act. Smith and Campbell, undoubtedly the best rapid fire talking act in the show business, declare that every line of their act will be new and up to date. The Three Westons, father and two daughters, in a refined musical act, and Stella Lee a newcomer in vaudeville, and one or two other excellent features, will complete the bill.

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's delightful stories, although one of his earlier ones, is Prince Otto, which in a dramatic form is to be produced at the Grand next week by Harry Glazier and company. The action is laid in one of the tiny German principalities which earlier in the century were plentiful. It is a story of love and rebellion presented in a charming romantic setting. The hero, a careless, good-natured, pleasure-loving sovereign, turns everything over to his wife, an ambitious and wilful woman who has married her husband only for reasons of state



SCENE FROM PRINCE OTTO. ACT IV.

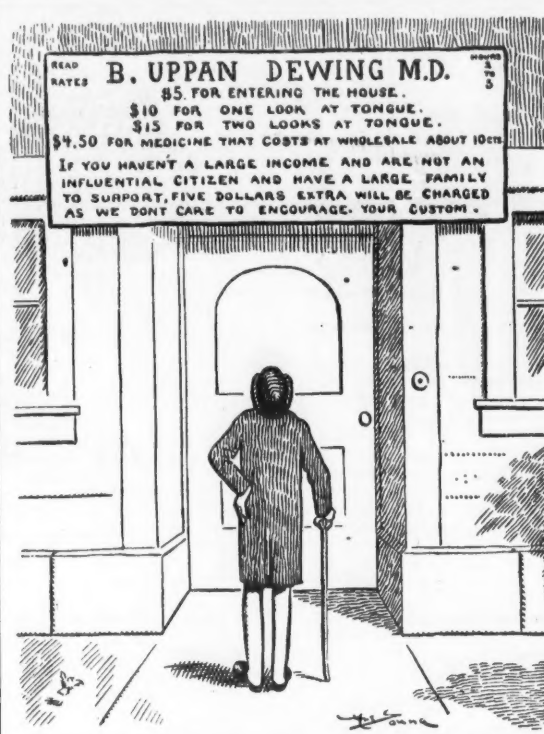
and who has not the first shadow of love for him until events which ultimately turn the principality into a republic begin to be demonstrated. It is said that the author of the play (Mr. Otis Skinner) has skillfully preserved the delightful atmosphere with which Mr. Stevenson has surrounded the characters. But two of the principal episodes of the story have been retained, though the main theme has been followed with more or less fidelity. During Mr. Glazier's many seasons as a star he has earned a reputation which places him high in the list of romantic actors.

Mr. P. T. Bannan, one of the most popular theatrical managers who ever visited the city, and who will be remembered as the manager of the Valentine Stock Company, is now business manager of the big English operatic venture, Floradora, which is running in New York. Mr. Bannan will bring the company here before Christmas.

Pretty Girl—How d'y-e-do, Mr. Dobson? I'm surprised to see you a salesman. The last time I saw you you were an actor. What took you off?
Philosophic Salesman—Eggs—bad ones! But you—I hear you're a great success on the boards. What took you on?

Pretty Girl—Legs—good ones!—"Town Topics."

"Notes From the Capital," by Amoryllis, will be found this week on page 5.



The above cartoon from "Life" presents the truth with regard to many medical practitioners perhaps more accurately than they would care to admit. Why not be honest about it?

Rugby.

A GOOD deal has been said about the rulings of Mr. Savage last Saturday with regard to the Argonauts' scrimmage, and the papers at this end of the line have been pretty unanimous in condemning his decisions. Although taking the chance of calling down a two-column execration from the "Evening Telegram," I must confess I believe that not only the Argonauts, but the greater majority of the teams playing in the O.R.F.U. have an illegal scrimmage, and Hamilton, whose papers lately have been making remarks about the Argonaut trio, has the most glaring example of this style of play in the Union. The two men who form up first are always ahead of the ball, and consequently off-side. The fact that this scrimmage has gone down with the O.R.F.U. officials all season does not make the formation legal, and in penalizing the oarsmen Mr. Savage displayed neither ignorance nor partizan feeling.

Ottawa College put up a good fight, but the Argonauts should have won the game with a little to spare, and had the game been finished, as it should have been, the Toronto team would undoubtedly have won out. The oarsmen have the best team that has represented Toronto in many a year, and on a good field and in good weather could beat the College without a doubt.

Eddie Gleason once more demonstrated that it's hard to keep a good man down. After having been out of training for a year, he stepped into the game with less than a week's preparation, and did more than anything else to save off defeat for Ottawa College.

At time of writing (Tuesday) it seems scarcely likely that the Argos will travel down to Montreal again. A trip like that costs a lot of time and money. In order to get down in time to have a practice before the championship match, it is necessary to leave here Thursday night, which, with the holiday on Thursday, would make a half-week lost. This kind of thing is all right for the Rough Riders, but with fellows who work for a living it is expensive. And then, employers are liable to kick—at least, they have been known to.

THE REFEREE.

Mr. T. Arnold Haultain on a Nocturnal Prowl.

IN the "Nineteenth Century Review," Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, private secretary to Professor Goldwin Smith, and an Englishman who has resided in this country for twenty years, publishes a readable article on Canada and her people. Mr. Haultain's figure is well known in the streets of Toronto. His appearance is such as to attract attention wherever he goes. Whatever he writes is well written, and likely to be read for its intrinsic charm.

Mr. Haultain needed a peg on which to hang his observations on men and things Canadian. A winter walk under somewhat odd circumstances furnished him with this peg. But though the article is entitled "A Winter Walk in Canada"—not a very inviting caption to the British reader with his false notions of our climate—there is scarcely more of winter walk in it than there is of the Sofa in Cowper's



poem of that name. It seems that Mr. Arnold Haultain, through some freak of circumstance, found himself in an Ontario country town of some ten thousand inhabitants—large enough to take rank as a city, but not incorporated as such. This town, to which he gives, by way of disguise, the singularly un-Canadian and Old World-fashioned name of "Dummer," is, he tells us, somewhat north of the lakes. From the description furnished of its size and industries, one is fairly safe in identifying Dummer as Peterborough. However, that is a point not material to the discussion. Mr. Haultain, while temporarily a resident in Dummer, one night found himself sleepless. So he rose at three (what an unholy hour at which to turn out in frosty weather!), lighted a fire, made himself a cup of tea, donned all the warm clothing he had on hand, and in some forty minutes was afoot.

Mr. Haultain confides to his readers that his panoply was one that seemed to excite the curiosity of the home-keeping youth of Dummer, consisting, as it did, of golfing tweeds, boots and gaiters. A fact that leads him to remark that among all but the educated and travelled classes in Canada "an Englishman is a foreigner. His speech is matter of merriment, his apparel matter of comment; and not altogether of good-humored merriment or comment it seemed to me, but smacking rather of scoff and scorn."

The points made or attempted to be made by the writer in his rambling and engaging discussion of things suggested by his walk may be summed up as follows:

Canada is a country of contrasts. Her climate, her scenery, her sentiments, her people, her politics, all exhibit extremes the most extraordinary. Canada can hardly object to Mr. Kipling's pretty and by no means fanciful epithet of "Our Lady of the Snows." But if anyone thinks cold and snow here kill life, they are mistaken. Winter is Canada's "season," and gives impetus to her social and intellectual life as well as to her commerce.

Among the Canadian populace, "American" habits, customs and manners prevail. Canadian slang is "American" slang. Popular nomenclature and phraseology are "American." Yet there is a class in Canada yearly freeing itself more and more from "American" influence. The sons of what Mr. Haultain terms "the gentry"—the bankers, the lawyers, the wholesale merchants, the doctors, the parsons—look to England, he says, for their inspiration, follow English fashions, play English games, copy English manners, and attempt an English accent.

Despite the "American" influences permeating the bulk of the Canadian populace, those influences, observes Mr. Haultain, penetrate only skin deep. At heart the sentiment of the people is thoroughly British. This puzzle is not, after all, so much of a puzzle. The race is British, but it has been exposed to alien influences. Canadian loyalty to the Mother Land can now never for one moment be called in question. "Canada will never be coerced into annexation; and if at any time in the history of her career she might have been coerced, that day is long past." Such is Mr. Arnold Haultain's answer to the contention—espoused so often and vigorously by Professor Goldwin Smith—that natural forces will drive us inevitably into annexation.

Such aversion as exists in Canada to the Englishman is largely accounted for by the fact that the type of individual Englishman with which the youth of Canadian country towns are chiefly familiar is the younger son sent out "to farm." Not as a rule, thinks Mr. Haultain, the pick of the family either for brilliant intellect or vigorous industry. This is not, he insists, the class of man that Canada wants. What Canada wants is the tenant farmer with a family and a bank account.

Mr. Haultain thinks, too, that English and Scotch capital might be more freely invested in Canada with profit. There is room for large investment here, with ample security. There have been losses, he admits, but if Old Country capitalists would send out trustworthy resident agents working in partnership with native Canadians who know local needs, or would establish colonial branch offices, so that there might be close and responsible links between the company which lends and the mortgagors which borrow, all would be well. "Canada wants money; Canada can give security. England can give money; England wants security. The equation seems simple. It only wants honest and competent mathematicians to solve."

Adverting once again to Canadian climate, the writer speaks of the clarity and rarity of the air. Naturally this air affects the system. The Canadian is supremely quick-witted. But with his quick-wittedness goes a self-consciousness and a restlessness which he shares in common with his brethren to the south. It would be interesting, observes Mr. Haultain, to discover just how far climatic conditions have influenced national character in Canada. To find its full effects we must look at the North American Indian. We find him patient, hardy, enduring to the last degree; taciturn, superstitious, intractable, dogged, treacherous, implacable. But hidden in his cold-seeming heart is fire. But the climate of Canada has not yet appreciably affected its incursive Anglo-Saxon hosts.

Nothing much now is to be feared from the duality of races in Canada, thinks the writer. They have long since agreed to live in amity, recognizing the fact that amity is necessary to prosperity. As to what might happen were war to break out between France and England, that, it must be admitted, is a delicate question—a question to which no one can give an answer till it is put to the test. May it never be put to the test! In the event of war with the United States, we may believe that as the whole Empire has helped England, so the whole Empire would help Canada. Indeed, there is nothing much to be feared from anything. What is there, Mr. Haultain asks, to hinder Canada's rapid and healthy growth? The multitude and magnitude of her material resources have been enumerated and calculated to nausea; her extent of territory, aqueous and terrene, has been descanted on to satiety. "And yet—and yet," adds the writer, "one thing we seem to be inclined to say to her tooth lackest. This is a high standard of public morality. . . . Happily, hers is a benignant, not a malignant disease. As national stability advances, the national conscience will improve."

"As I walked, the wind rose, and its noise in the convolutions of the ear, so still was everything else, became almost annoying in its resounding roar. I had followed devious and untravelled ways in the semi-darkness, and this wind it was that told me when again I reached a high-road—namely, by the whistling of the telegraph wires. I never heard such obstreperous wires. They made an Aeolian harp truly hyperborean in timbre and volume. Every note in the scale of audible human sound seemed struck; and were there such a thing as an acoustical spectroscopic, it would have shown, not only every tone and semitone in the gamut, but ultra-treble and ultra-bass notes also. And it was played fortissimo. Those wires shrieked, bellowed. Whether at that early hour they were carrying messages I do not know; but all the intensity of human anguish, human happiness and human woe seemed to be flowing through their scranell lengths; and the thin hapless things plained of their freight to the unheeding winds. It was a weird sound far out there in the desolate wild, with not a soul to hear or sympathize—for I, what was I in all that huge expanse? They wotted not of me. Then the great sky by degrees broke up into masses of cloud, and here and there between them shone out the steady stars—imperturbable, piercing, shaken not by the slightest twinkle. One rich and brilliant planet in the West glowed argent in the blue—a blue into which the eye penetrated far, far into infinity. The Canadian sky is ever lofty, pellucid, profound; very different from the close canopy so common in cloudy England. But it was high time to turn homewards. A faint light overspread the East; things began to take shape; houses, instead of appearing as dark blotches against the white, now looked like habitable dwellings; the separate boughs were distinguishable on the trees. As one neared the town signs of life were seen—and smelled; the pungent odor of the coal-oil, with which the impatient and unthrifty housewife coaxed her wood-fire more rapidly to catch, smote almost smartingly upon the nostrils. Sleepy-eyed mechanics, buttoned to the throat, heavily 'over-shoed,' and with hands be-pocketed, strode sullenly workwards. Later on, 'cutters'—so are called the comfortable little one-horsed sleighs just seating a couple—sped hither and thither. Then a milk-cart or two glided past, the cans wrapped in furs, the hairs on the horses' muzzles showing white with cleaving ice. Later still, and when within the precincts of the town proper, children were met capping sleighs on which to get 'rides' to school. It was a different world now. A dazzling sun transformed the dull dead landscape of the night into a blinding spangled sheet of purest white. . . . If Canada has earned the title of Our Lady of the Snows, she certainly equally deserves the title of Our Lady of the Sunshine; nowhere is sunshine so bright or so abundant. . . . But my walk was over. It was one I would not have exchanged for many another taken under more genial skies."

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A Tour of the Churches

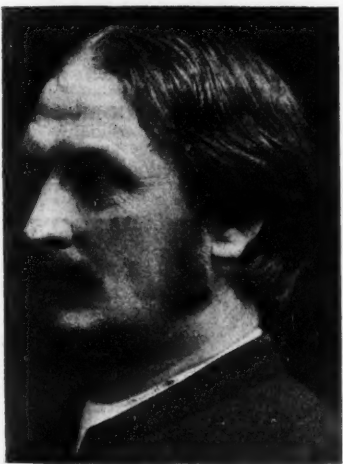
How the Casual Visitor is Impressed

Rev. Armstrong Black, D.D.

HAVING decided to hear Rev. Armstrong Black, D.D., a week ago last Sunday I hastened to St. Andrew's Church for the evening service, and remembering that when I was last there, in the days of Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, it was difficult to get a good seat after seven o'clock, I arrived about eight minutes before that hour, only to find myself one of less than a dozen of a waiting congregation. A dozen years or so ago St. Andrew's was quite as far away from the residential portion of the city as it is now, and there were no street cars to bring those who lived in distant sections of the city, but the guests of the hotels and the young men in downtown boarding-houses were such admirers of Mr. Macdonnell, that they could be relied upon to furnish a strong contingent every Sunday evening, and from all over the city came those who delighted in the clear-cut, magnetic and forceful sermons of the faithful pastor who is now dead. Rev. Mr. McCaughan, I am told, also filled the church, and for the time disposed of the proposition to remove the place of worship into a residential locality. I had plenty of time to recall these things as the comparatively small and somewhat tardy congregation drifted quietly into the pews, and I had begun to think that the regular pastor must have been known by his congregation to be absent and his pulpit to be filled by an unattractive preacher, when the stately figure of the reverend divine was seen entering the rear door. He ascended to the somewhat lofty pulpit and inclined his head in prayer, as an attendant, also in robes, noiselessly tip-toed up the steps and closed the pulpit door. It was ten minutes after seven when the service began, and not over a quarter of the seating capacity of the church was filled. The musical service was fine, the organ deep and rich-toned, the voices in the congregation devout and with a very perceptible tone of culture. Even in the hymns, however, I noticed a change.

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest:
I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us* there;
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

In the new Presbyterian hymnal "what joys await us there" is changed from the old book to "what social joys are there;" and in the phrase, "They stand, those walls of Zion, all jubilant with song," etc., we now have "con-jubilant," and it seems to me that neither of the verses has been improved by the hymn-writers. Some old-fashioned Presbyterians would certainly have been startled to have heard the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, but they were chanted by the choir, and very well done indeed.

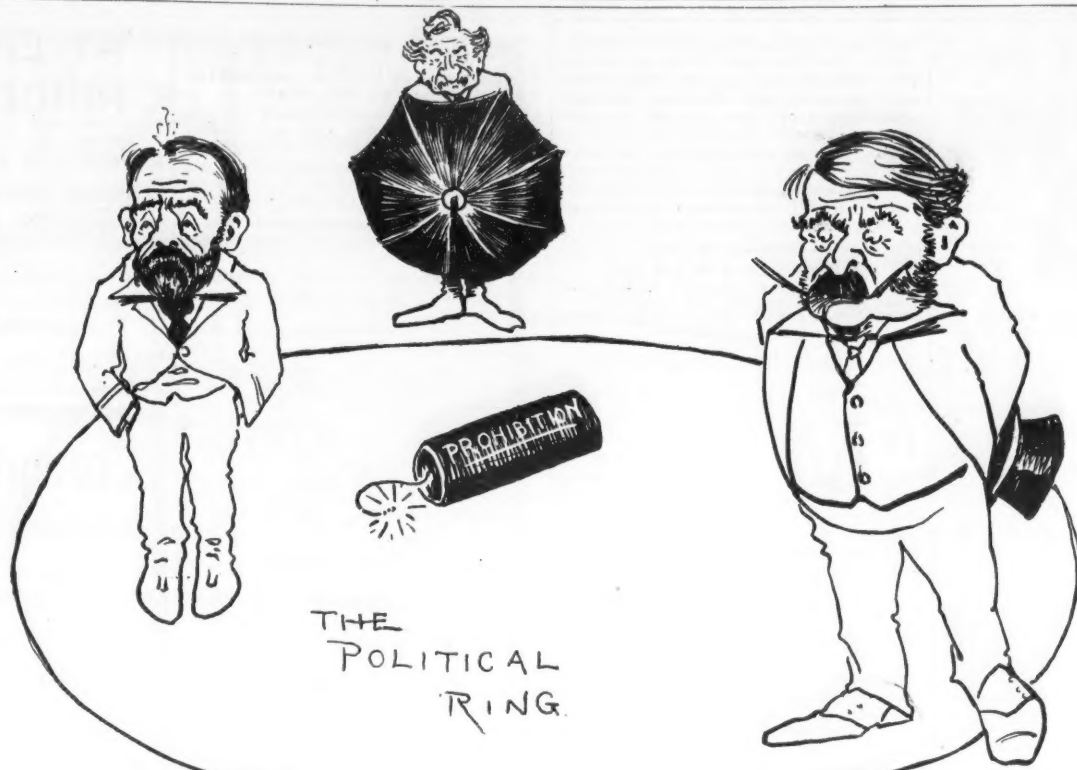


REV. ARMSTRONG BLACK.

Rev. Armstrong Black has a handsome and imposing person. His black hair, worn a trifle long, was parted in the middle and brushed over his brows, where the little wavelets were as distinct as if freshly taken out of crimping-pins. His voice is good, but spiritless, not always well managed, and becoming at times indistinct. He read the 40th chapter of Isaiah to the 12th verse, and the latter portion of the 9th and the beginning of the 10th chapters of John, announcing as his text, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber," and stated as his subject the "Sheepfold," which is the Church. It seemed to him a beautiful thing that Christ in His teaching should so frequently take his hearers into the open air and illustrate his subjects by the use of the similes of everyday life. In speaking of the charm of following such discourses, pictures were given of Galilee, the sun-burnt boy who roamed the hills and was familiar with the sheepfolds made necessary by the wolves and bears which threatened the flocks. Without intending to be over-critical, it might be suggested that in these voice-pictures the use of the wrong word is almost as jarring as a false note in music. For instance, in depicting the joys of the morning it is hardly appropriate to say that one "dashes" his feet into the dew; dashing one's foot against a rock might be all right, but sprinkling or moistening one's feet with dew sounds more harmonious.

The sermon was but fairly well read in a somewhat monotonous tone, which occasionally thickened and became indistinct, necessitating the repetition of words or phrases. Doctrinally, it hardly seemed to me the sort of thing under which the elders of the kirk as I once knew them could feel themselves entitled to sleep in peace.

Light for the eyes, the preacher said, and sounds for the ear, food for the physical well-being of the child, physical shelter and protection, were provided at birth. So the Church was provided for the spiritual wants of the newcomer into the world, and into this fold the child was brought by baptism. It was a place of peace and rest, a sanctuary provided by the Heavenly Father for those who sought it in the proper way. Some expository preaching might have been expected at this point, but without further mentioning the proper way of seeking entrance, or being at all explicit as to whether the fold was for the elect or for all, the preacher passed on to dilate upon the sense of security which was felt within the Church, and the trials and tribulations of those who went out to seek for the pleasures of the world. Those in quest of unsanctified delights were portrayed as becoming so wearied with worldly pleasures and so sinful that they could barely recognize themselves, but at last, when returning to the fold, being recognized by the Shepherd and admitted to the sanctuary. Little was sufficiently distinct to bear quoting, but the general tenor of the sermon impressed me as indicating the possibility of those sure of this sanctuary going out quite often, staying out long and late, and when satiated with the unsatisfactory pleasures of the world, going back and quietly finding a haven from which they could drift into everlasting peace. I followed every word as carefully as if my own salvation depended upon the message I was hearing, and was surprised at not being sharply warned against prowling about looking for godless joys, while on the other hand so much weight was given to the sense of security consequent upon having a sheepfold to rest in or return to. In-



One thing for which Messrs. Ross and Whitney are not giving thanks,

deed, if I submitted myself to the spiritual guidance of the sermon of which I speak, I would feel quite conscience-free in having the swiftest and most enjoyable time possible on the outside of the fold consistent with a reasonable chance of washing off some of the red paint and getting back unrebuked before the door was eternally shut. The final shutting of the door, however, was not mentioned, but the following passage was emphasized to further show the liberty which the Church allows, John x, 9: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Whether the preacher was making too much of this parable and forcing the illustration to go on all fours, it is not for me to say, but doctrinally I never before heard it taught that a man may go "in and out" of the Church—unless "the church" is used as meaning nothing but a building—as sheep go in and out of a sheepfold. Yet it was to this conclusion the preacher forced his subject.

I am somewhat rusty in my Bible knowledge, but a quotation came to my mind from Hebrews vi., 1-6, where we are warned against "not laying again the foundation of repentance," and of the impossibility "for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." While thinking how directly these verses contradicted the unlimited latitudinarianism of Dr. Black's interpretation of the passages from John which he used to build up his subject, I tried to see a way of escape by imagining that he meant "church" as a building instead of a divine institution. Of course we can go in and out of a church building, or mix with a congregation or stay away from it, without crucifying the Son of God afresh, but to enter in and out of the institution of which Christ says He is the door, as if it were merely a resting-place, a hospital or a home for the frightened, is another question. As if to make it evident that he considered the Church an easy thing to belong to, Dr. Black dwelt still further upon the liberties and social joys possible to those within the fold, and finally asserted that "the wolf is not always at the window nor the rod at the door." Presumably by the wolf he meant the devil, and by the "rod" the restraint, the self-sacrifice, the chastisement, which are the portions of the meek and lowly who follow the Good Shepherd. I was not quite sure whether the sermon meant anything in particular, but if it did it was that when "the wolf was not at the window," that is to say when the devil was presumably somewhere else than seeking whom he might devour in one's locality, it would be quite safe and even scriptural to abandon all safeguards against him. I had thought that his satanic alertness was always right after me red-hot, and yet the sermon had not weight enough to give me a breath of relief. There may be church members, however, who after a wide-open time take pains to slip back into the fold when the "rod is not at the door."

Rev. Dr. Armstrong Black has the reputation of being a highly cultured and amiable gentleman whom it is a delight to meet socially, but I should imagine his doctrine, if I have obtained a proper sample of it, would be more suitable for a club than for a Presbyterian church. Perhaps

at the morning service the congregation is larger and stricter, and he may not deal out spiritual food in such homeopathic doses, but I think if I were seeking merely for edification and entertainment or for an answer to that question as old as Christianity itself, "What must I do to be saved?" I should go elsewhere.

DON.

Who Is The Owner?

Who owns this house, my lord or I?
He in whose name the title runs,
Or I who keep it swept and clean,
And open to the winds and sun?

He who is absent year by year,
On some far business of his own,
Or I who tend it, roof to sill,
With fond ungrudging flesh and bone?

What if it prove a fable, all
This rumor of an absent lord,
And I should find myself in truth
Owner and master of the board!

O friends, no landlord in the world
Could love the place so well as I!
Love is the owner of the house
And all the lands of destiny.

—Bliss Carman in the "Era."

He Caught the Car.

The man dashed down the street after the retreating car.

Every muscle was strained, his breath came in quick gasps, the beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. His feet were working like the pedals on a bicycle. He only touched the ground in the more altitudinous places.

"I'll—catch—that—street—car," he gasped, "er die."

Faster went the street car. Faster went the man. He overtook fruit stands and aged blind men in his wild career. He knocked down children and trampled upon them. But onward he rushed. He collided with a baby buggy. The baby was knocked into the street. The mother of the child picked it up. She pointed a finger at the disappearing form of the man. "Murderer!" she hissed through her clenched teeth.

He draws nearer to the car. Nearer yet.
He reaches out his hand.
He touches the rail on the rear platform.
He gives one last convulsive effort.
He is on the car.

He sinks breathless into a seat and mops his brow. The conductor touches him on the shoulder.
"Git offen here," speaks the conductor, "We're a-goin' to ther barn. No more cars to-night."—Chicago "Tribune."

Change.

When Tillie used to cross my path,
Afoot, or riding on a wheel,
Her passing-by an aftermath,
A breath of violets, would reveal.

But in her auto, she, to-night,
So fast that it could not be seen,
Rushed by me; and though failed my sight,
I knew she passed—by gasoline.—"Life."

Agonized Expectancy.

"Metropolitan Magazine."



Which one will she stop before?

The Box of Stockings.

THE peachy chorus girl who stood on the end of the first row had just received a most peculiar present—a dozen beautiful silk stockings in a box—and it was anonymous. The peachy chorus girl was used to flowers, diamonds, and even pearls; but they were never anonymous. And the very idea of stockings! It was absurd! Still, they were very pretty, with double woven heels, and the box had a Paris label.

She felt sure that the particular admirer who had sent them would come around and look unconscious in a couple of days. Men who send things anonymously always do.

Finally a Johnnie that she knew admired her called one afternoon, and she eyed him closely while she told him of the hosiery.

He smiled and winked in a knowing way.
"Did they fit?" he asked. He kept on looking knowing when she said she hadn't tried them on yet.

A Wall street broker who had become known as The Friend of the Chorus, through his generous tips on the market, took her to supper the next night, and she said that she hated to get anonymous presents, and that if she knew who had sent her the stockings she would send them right back.

He laughed in an amused way over his champagne.
"Why, didn't they fit?" he asked, and he laughed again. She told him she didn't intend to try them on until the man who sent them apologized. He still seemed amused. He said it was more fun to send things anonymously.

The next day the musical director of the company, who was a high roller with proteges among the chorus, whom he intended to help along in their art, called in to run over a little song that he had arranged for her to do alone.

She pouted as she told him the story as though it were a grievance. She thought it was horrid, she said. And every man she spoke to about it asked her if they fitted, and she couldn't tell who had really sent them.

"I am sure no one intended them as an affront," he said. "Don't you like them?"

"Oh, they're pretty enough," she admitted.
"Well, do they fit?" he inquired; "you see it's so difficult for a fellow to know!"

That day she had a letter from her sister in Syracuse saying that she had sent her a box of stockings on the way from the French steamer to the train, while in New York, and she hoped they were all right. She had only just had time to write to her about them. She didn't say anything about whether they fitted or not.—"Town Topics."

Writing a Sonnet.

THE writing of sonnets, remarks Andrew Lang, is a thing not always so easy as it looks. I was recently in a concatenation of circumstances which actually seemed to thrust a sonnet upon me. With other persons I observed an eagle hovering over the scene of the massacre of Glencoe. William Wordsworth would at once have dashed off a sonnet, and I proposed to do so, my friends only insisting that nothing should be said about Liberty. In the circumstances I fail to see how Liberty could be dragged in, though it would be very useful. Rhymes were kindly suggested, such as eagle, beagle, regal, inveigle, illegal and the town of Meigle; the last does not seem very useful, and I have not employed it.

GLENCOE.

(A sonnet, suggested by seeing an eagle hovering over the scene of the massacre perpetrated by the minions of a Dutch usurper.)

Far over hills no Saxon tongue can name,
Above the shadowy strath behold the Eagle!
He sees the glen where many a Campbell beagle
Did deeds of blood, and lust and wrath and shame,
The splendid spirit of the clans to tame.
To such an end did wily Stair inveigle
The loyal Celt, an action all illegal,
Which even Lord Macaulay notes with blame!

Spirit of Royal James in form of bird!

Thou dost behold the scene of gore and fire
Where vain was great MacLan's martial pith;
And hast thou heard the melancholy word
That no MacLan lords it now? The Squire
Comes of the Sassenach lineage of Smith!

There, the sonnet is made! As to no Saxon tongue being able to name the hills, I do not believe that one of them is really called "Biddie," as it was by a mere Saxon novelist on whom the eagle did not produce a poetical effect. It will be observed that Liberty is carefully excluded, the eagle being conjecturally regarded as the embodiment of James II., who doubtless deeply regretted the unprincipled conduct of Stair and Bredalbane. I do not feel sure that the eighth line, though historically accurate, is quite up to the mark as poetry.

A Problem That Won't Stay Solved.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago, whose scheme of employing servants by relays, and only for certain prescribed hours, attracted such attention a few months ago, has had to give it up. Report has it that after faithfully testing the plan, Mrs. Blaine retired to the country this summer, a perfect wreck—utterly worn out through her efforts to solve the servant question in a way hailed by theorists as the only salvation both for maid and mistress. Somewhat recuperated, Mrs. Blaine will venture back to Chicago this winter; but her house, the scene of the late domestic experiments, will remain closed. She has taken an apartment; her meals will be taken at a restaurant, and whatever service she requires will be performed by the attendants of the apartment-house. It begins to look as if the only way to get rid of the servant question was to get rid of the servants.

A Revival.

There is to be a revival this winter of the "lecture habit" which was at its height fifty years ago. Burton, Zeublin, Van Dyke, Burdette, Riis, Chapman, Elbert Hubbard and Miss Addams are named among the list of lecturers. But the "habit" of attending lectures nowadays is due, not, as it was when Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes lectured, to a desire to learn, but largely to gain the inspiration to learn for oneself. Therein lies the difference between the lecturer of fifty years ago and the one of to-day. The former brought his audience cold facts. The latter brings them warm inspiration. It is a difference of temperament. To-day a lecturer must have as much temperament as an actor. What he says is almost a minor matter. The lecture is not the thing, but the lecturer.

Completed Proverbs.

"A fool uttereth all his mind," but that's nothing.
"The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense," when one has no sense.
"There's no smoke without fire," but often those who call attention to the smoke have started the fire.
"Who has love in his heart has spurs in his sides" and wheels in his head.
"He that takes a wife takes care" unless he takes care first.
"No one ever repented of having held his tongue." What, not when he was thirsty, and the question was "What's yours?"
"From saving comes having," but not as quickly as it comes from grabbing at everything in sight.
"Tis deeds must win the prize," unless they fall into a lawyer's hands.
"Man wants but little here below," and that little somebody else gets.
Many a true word spoken in jest is taken in deadly earnest.—L. de v. Mathewman in the "Era."

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On November 3 the New York Central

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but the change does not affect Toronto

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at 9:30 o'clock.

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from any R.R. agent, or J. A.

Richardson, district passenger agent,

north-east corner King and Yonge

streets, Toronto.

Anecdotal.

A British Columbia lawyer was passing

along the street, carrying under his

arm a law-book in circuit binding, when

he was accosted by a self-righteous in-

dividual. "Ha! Mr. Blank, and where

are you going to preach to-day?" "I

don't preach, I practice," replied the

lawyer.

A Sunday school examination was in

progress, and the examining visitor put

this question: "What did Moses do for

a living while he was with Jethro?"

Following a long silence a little voice

piped up from the back of the room:

"Please, sir, he married one of Jethro's

daughters."

Once a distinguished Russian grand

duke found himself charged twenty

francs apiece for hothouse peaches at

the old Cafe de Paris, in the French

metropolis. "Are hothouse peaches so

scarce, then, even in midwinter?" he

asked. "No," replied the maitre d'hotel

"but grand ducks are."

When the late Li Hung Chang visited

Germany a few years ago the Kaiser

asked him: "How do our women com-

pare with those of China?" "I really

cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening

his eyes on the corsage of a lady who

was present; "we never see half as

many."

much of our women as you do of

yours."

Of the many stories told of the late

Ameer of Afghanistan, who was one

of the really strong characters among

monarchs of recent years, none is bet-

ter than the one about the subject who

ran to court in great alarm, crying that

the Russians were coming. "Are they

really coming?" said the Ameer. "Then

you shall be taken to the top of yonder

tower and you shall have no food till

you see them arrive."

Speaking of sympathetic strikes the

other day, Chief Arthur of the Brother-

hood of Locomotive Engineers told of

one that he conducted when only a

boy working on a farm: "The force of

hands had divided to two, a fellow

named Joe and me. The farmer de-

cided to discharge the other fellow,

whereupon Joe suggested that I should

stop work also, leaving the farmer in a

fix. This I did. I went out on a sym-

pathetic strike; but the result was that

the farmer hired Joe back again, and I

was left out in the cold."

Sir Henry Irving has no special cab-

by on his nightly transit from the

London Lyceum Theater to his home,

and when he leaves the theater the

first man within call gets the job, and

it may be a ticket for the pit on some

future occasion. One of these occa-

sional cabbies to whom a pass had been

given was asked by Sir Henry how he

liked the play. The man hesitated, and

then, choosing what seemed to be the

most grateful words to express his

pleasure, answered: "Well, sir, I didn't

go." "You didn't go? Why not?" "Well

sir, you see, there's the missus, and she

preferred the wax-works."

A wealthy foreigner, intent upon a

day's outing, wanted to hire a London

dealer's best horse and trap, but not

knowing his man the dealer demurred

at trusting them in his hands. De-

termined to have his drive, the gentle-

man proposed paying for the horse and

the vehicle, promising to sell them back

at the same price when he returned. To

that the other saw no objection, so his

customer's wants were supplied and off

he went. He was back in time at the

stables, his money reimbursed ac-

cording to contract, and he turned to

go. "Hold on!" exclaimed the dealer,

"you have forgotten to pay for the

hire." "My dear sir," was the cool re-

ply, "there was no hiring in the case. I

have been driving my own horse and

trap all day." And he left the dealer

to his sorrowful reflections.

Senator Bard of California is said to

be rather careless about his dress, and

is rarely seen in the frock coat and

shining silk hat generally supposed to

constitute the garb of a senator. His

brother, who somewhat resembles him,

is, on the contrary, very particular

about his apparel. A story is going

the rounds to the effect that the broth-

ers were traveling together through the

interior last summer when they met

many of the senator's constituents. At

a little station that lay on their route

a rough old miner boarded the train, and

holding his hand out to Mr. Bard, said:

"How d'ye do, senator, glad to see yer

in these diggings." "I'm not the sena-

tor," explained Mr. Bard. "It's my

brother here that you are looking for."

The miner gave one withering glance

at Senator Bard. "Waal," he remarked,

slowly, "ef yer ain't the senator, yer

ought to be, fer yer look the part an'

he don't."

William M. Everts seldom met his

match, but he once found it in Senator

Bard. Mr. Everts was a mere

skeleton of a man, while Mr. Bard, who

was asched upward of three hundred

pounds, was blessed with a circumfer-

ence quite as great as his length. The

two senators were perpetually twitting

each other in fun, and one night at din-

ner Mr. Bard said: "If you will let

me choose the course, I will guarantee

that with three yards' start I can beat

you in a race of one hundred feet." "I

will let you try," said Mr. Everts. "I

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will let you try," said Mr. Everts. "I

times. One did last week, when a pa-

per child looked me up, passing through

Toronto, and we had the loveliest visit.

You know, one who meets lots of peo-

ple on paper grows by some psychic

current to recognize and select some

of them as people sure to be congenial.

I don't think I've been fooled once in a

decade, and it is the most delightful

way to make a friend. There are two

or three lads in the far North whom,

when I meet, I shall ask of their af-

fairs with an interest born of their

curiously unreserved letters. There are

women whom I hope never to meet,

bearing, as I must, their confessions in

my memory, and there are others. The

Irish girl on the lake, the dear little

delicate lass in the sanitarium, the

girl who was married, after my seeing

her through months of doubt and

fear, and cheering and prophesying

what did so happily happen, till I feared

the ceiling would fall on me, or a black

cloud come from the Cape! All these

are good and cheery and helpful people,

and well loved by

LADY GAY.

Mrs. Normandeau.

For years Mrs. Philomene Norman-

deau of Campbellton, N.B., suffered

with Dyspepsia. In addition to the

tortures consequent on this disease, she

was also very much troubled with sick

headaches, the result of the derange-

ment of the stomach.

She has found a cure, and is so grate-

ful that she is anxious for the benefit

of others who may be suffering as she

was, to give the matter the greatest

possible publicity. She has therefore

written the following open letter:

"It is my duty, and I consider it a

great pleasure, for me to testify that I

have been cured of a very severe case

of Dyspepsia, by the use of Dodd's

Dyspepsia Tablets.

"For years I suffered with stomach

sickness. My head ached almost con-

tinually. I could eat very little, and

Mining For Rubies.

NE advantage gained by the victory of the British over King Thebaw of Burmah some years ago, was the acquisition of the famous ruby mines, from which had come the finest "pigeon-blood" stones in the world, and it was expected that an immense treasure of these gems would be found in the royal palace. But, although in the looting of the monarch's hastily abandoned residence, jars filled with rubies were discovered, nearly all of them were of little value, being flawed and in other respects poor specimens.

It was a great disappointment. Nevertheless, confidence in the resources of the mines was unshaken, and capitalists in England were so eager to buy shares in a company organized to exploit the ruby fields that the police were obliged to defend, with drawn clubs, the officers of the concern against a swarm of half-crazed would-be investors.

Shares in the enterprise were boomed to astonishing figures, but tumbled alarmingly when news began to leak out that the ruby craze was likely to prove a bubble. Mining had been begun on an extensive scale, but somehow the gems did not materialize, and it looked as though the fields were much less valuable than had been supposed, or as if the deposits had been exhausted. After some years investors made up their minds that their money was as good as lost. Hence the great and delightful surprise conveyed by the recent intelligence that the mines have begun to pay dividends.

Experience has taught improved methods of mining, and an electrical power plant has been set up by the company for washing the ruby-bearing earth, called "byou." This byou is widely distributed throughout the Mogok Valley. Natives have worked the upper crust of it for centuries, says the "Saturday Evening Post," and the idea now in view is to get at the lower levels and dig down to bed-rock, where, because of their weight, the largest crystals are likely to be found. A fine stone of twenty-eight carats was picked up recently, and its value may be imagined from the fact that a ruby of one carat is worth four times as much as a diamond of the same size.

The British company (as reported by Mr. G. F. Kunz to the Geological Survey) is now producing fully one-half of the world's yield of rubies, and its leases are said to include practically all of the ruby-bearing territory of Burmah.

The Ending of the Play.

PIERO, in his new play, Iris, has evidently done something big. He has done something especially big in not being afraid of his denouement. The play moves forward to this ruthlessly and logically. It is the natural outcome of the things that go before it—what a denouement ought to be, and what nine out of ten dramatists and novelists are afraid of making it. In reading it, it sounded oddly like the ending of Louise, Charpentier's realistic modern opera. Both terminate with the heroine going forth, weak, alone, and with the first steps already taken, into the night of the great, waiting city. "Her feet go down to death," as the preacher expresses it, with his Biblical sonority of phrase.

Heretofore, Piero himself was one of those who are afraid of their denouement. He spoiled his best comedy, The Benefit of the Doubt, by this timidity. It held his hand constantly, and made its touch uncertain. He, on a bigger scale, was like the people who write stories and who say to themselves: "Well, that's the way it ought to end; but if it does, no publisher will print it. So we'll have to make it end the wrong way." And go on to spoil their piece of work and find their publisher. Who has not read books by the hundred whose mystery is never big enough for the preamble that goes before it, whose tragedy is never the real, dark tragedy the preceding embroglio made us expect? Now and then someone is brave and does not shy before the climax.

Stevenson did this in The Wrecker. Heaven knows, the mystery did not disappoint, there. It is one of the bloodiest things in modern fiction. Hardy walked straight on to this natural finale in Tess of the D'Urbervilles. And when that flag expands from the jail-pole, one realizes the ending of the drama with a feeling of horror that is slightly sickening as it would be in actual life.

But the mass of American and English writers shun the truth from fear. Some of them are afraid themselves of creating a too-gloomy impression. Most of them, however, fear the middleman and the public. The former says: "What's the matter with being so true to life? What we want is to produce the thing that sells." The latter says, simply, "Amuse us—don't bother about being truthful, or logical, or artistic, or any other of those dull things. Entertain us." The public—our Anglo-Saxon public—is a soft-hearted animal, and doesn't want to have its feelings harrowed. Enough dreary things happen in real life without seeing them on the stage or reading them, one often hears it remarked. And this has always been its attitude. I was reading the other day that in the seventeenth century it rebelled against the ending of Romeo and Juliet, and so the obliging management changed it, and had the star-crossed lovers come to life and be happily united. This was the version Pepys saw, of which he said: "It is a play of itself the worst that I ever heard." Even that genial lover of life and its pleasures felt that there was something wrong in the revised tragedy.

The French who are warned by a natural gaiety of heart, and who are all good critics where the theater is concerned, are not afraid of the truth on the far side of the footlights. They demand it, and they have made their dramatists masters. But then the French are a nation of artists, if they are nothing else. It goes through all classes. One evening, on the Rue de la Paix, I saw a butcher's boy of about sixteen standing by a jeweler's window, apparently looking in. I went to look in, too. The evening was dark; the window brilliantly lit. When I drew up beside the boy, I saw that he was not looking at the display, but was reading a small book, and so standing that the light fell on it, and that from the street he appeared to be merely

Can't Sleep
Can't Eat
Can't Drink

system all run down. This is the condition of the average man. By neglecting the natural functions of the body he has worried them into revolt. They can't

do their work properly. The tortures of indigestion, constipation, sluggish liver, inactive kidneys, and kindred ills are the result of this neglect. To all sufferers

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starting at the allurements of the blizzard. He was a dirty, ugly boy, in a stained blouse, and with the blunt, knotty hands of a laborer. But the book that he was reading, in this stolen moment of leisure, was Victor Hugo's "Hernani."

This reading butcher's boy will see and read so much that from his seat in the gods he will become a serious, exacting and intelligent critic. He gets to know human nature pretty well through the life of the streets, which he sees all day long, and he can detect the false note in the modern realistic drama from a wide, if chaotic, experience of every-day dramatic things. He and his companions up there under the chandelier would never have tolerated the American ending of Zaza, which Belasco had to do over to suit that curious Puritanism of ours which doesn't mind what Zaza does in the first three acts, if she only will get respectable in the fourth. The French ending did not bother itself about her morals. In the first place, they were hopeless; in the second place, they were not the point in question. Zaza was a leopard, who never could have changed her spots, and it was folly to expect it. The one tremendous experience of her sordid life made of her not the regenerated and gently melancholy lady we saw, but an artist. She found her compensation for that volcanic ending of her soul not in a life of refined repentance, but in that magic word, a "career."

Old Dumas, who was the father of the modern French drama, never shied before his fables; in fact, he rather revelled in having them the most gruesome and appalling that could grow out of the preceding situations. All he demanded was the absence of blood-spilling upon the boards. When killing had to be done, he had it done outside. Somewhere in his memoirs there is an account of his trouble in getting rid of the superfluous woman in Richard Darlington. Finally, he hit upon the expedient of having her thrown off a balcony. The hero carried her out, shrieking; then, like a gentleman, shut the shutters, and all the audience heard was a despairing wail as she went over. The ending of Anthony became famous for its terse effectiveness. "She repelled me," says Anthony, entering with a blood-stained dagger, "and I assassinated her." And the curtain fell upon this unexpected and amazing sentence.

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Protection of Words.

IN the November "Era" William S. Walsh pleads for much-abused words and phrases:

In these days when everybody is writing and everybody seems to succeed, would it not be well to start a Society for the Protection of Words and Phrases? Many of these are so brutally overworked by the amateur! The winged words, the words that burn, the thoughts that breathe, the telling phrases, do they not clamor loudly for a rest? That very sentence affords an illuminating example of what I mean. How apt, how vivid, how expressive it would be if all its epithets had not lost their vitality through overwork. To the sated reader the whole sentence is but the echo of an echo, it not merely means nothing, but it is robbed even of its sound and fury. The greenhorn who complained of Hamlet that it was too full of quotations unconsciously expressed a great fact through the medium of a bull. In a wrongheaded way he pointed out that constant reiteration has reduced the grandest passages in the language to mere commonplace. Give our familiar quotations a rest. Lay to sleep our household words. Let fortune for a while cease to favor the

brave. Let us feign that the poet is made. Let a man who would steal another's thunder be arrested for felony. Let us win no more golden opinions. Let the favored few withdraw to some select seclusion, and the countless thousands to some dry-eyed privacy. Thus may nouns, adjectives and phrases, after a long rest, reawaken with the freshness of the morning upon them, their original meanings recreated, energetic, effective, brilliant, as on the day when they were first conceived and brought forth.

The Author's First Reverse.

ON reading A First Acceptance, in the September "Contributors' Club," we wondered if the author had ever contemplated a far more surprising experience than the first acceptance, and that is the first rejection after the first acceptance! That is indeed a crisis in the young author's career. Up to the time when he received his first acceptance, the novice, however high his conceit had swelled, as each new plan and aspiration feebly projected itself on paper, had yet in the bottom of his soul realized that his arms were untied, and that he might be riding for a fall. But when tangible proof of his first success had reached him, and the magic words "The check will follow upon publication" had dazzled his vision, how proudly he scanned the future which was his by virtue of the ink-bottle!

Idea after idea floated before him; "songs without words" to which he would supply noun and adjective; thoughts inadequately expressed, fancies inhospiably received, which he would succor by the might of his right hand. Or perhaps the didactic devil tempted him, and he fancied the whole world his congregation, to whom he would preach at his leisure.

Alas, fellow scribbler, passing through this Fool's Paradise, we pity you; by the Law of the Jungle—"As high as we have mounted in delirium."

Perhaps the next step will lead you to the Pons Asinorum which ends in the Via Dolorosa. We have crossed it ourselves, we who had thought our feet so firmly planted on the ladder of literature that we needed only to mount higher and higher till we overtopped the stars.

When we had spent our first check a thousand times in anticipation, and at least twice in reality, we decided in gratitude to honor our continued favor that hospitable magazine which had at last recognized our genius.

No longer stealing out at night to conceal the trembling fingers with which we dropped that long white envelope into the post-box, but flauntingly, in the garish daylight, in the face of all men, we sent forth our manuscript as a conqueror demanding tribute.

Then we waited; security is ever serene. Poor tremblers on the threshold may listen with beating heart for the postman's quick peal of the bell, or look longingly at his non-committal gray coat and his fatal bag. All these sensations were of the past for us; they belonged to the era before we were recognized.

Then suddenly a bolt from the blue—that homing pigeon, our manuscript, returns to us again. At first astonishment is paramount—there must be some mistake. Next wrath—it is a conspiracy to defraud us of our just reward; an envious world cannot tolerate our success. Last, a still, small, spiteful voice within us whispers: "Your bubble is pricked. I always told you that there wasn't much in you, after all!"

What happens to us then? Where are our visions of thoughts clamoring to be clothed in winged words? Where are the songs only waiting to sing themselves through our lips to a silent

world? What has become of our pulp?

How are the mighty fallen! How doth the city which we would have enlightened sit solitary! Ours is no common sorrow; we are none of those who have only suffered the casual buffetings of fortune; ours is the bitter trial of the man who has faced betrayal in the house of his friend.

Fellow quill-drivers, answer us: is there any shock to vanity like unto this, or any lesson in modesty?—"Atlantic Monthly."

Preferred the Old Way.

Mrs. Bradbury was instructing the new cook, who was not only new, but as green as her own Emerald Isle. One morning the mistress went into the kitchen and found Katie weeping over a pan of onions.

"Oh, you're having a harder time than you need to have, Katie," said she. "Always peel onions under water."

"Indade, ma'am," said Katie, "I'm the last one to do that, askin' yer pardon. Me brother Mick was always divin' and pickin' up stones from the bottom. It's little he couldn't do under water, if 'twas tyin' his shoes or writin' a letter; but me, I'm that unaisy in it I'd be gettin' me mouth full and drownin' entirely. So if ye please, ma'am, I'll pale them the same old way I've always been accustomed to, and dhry me tears afterwards."

Best Twelve Books of the Year.

The readers of the "Academy" have been asked to name the best twelve novels published during the first ten months of the year. The voting comes out like this:

Kim	80
History of Sir Richard Calmady	77
The Eternal City	61
Tristram of Blent	61
The Serious Wooing	44
The Right of Way	44
The Benefactress	39
Sister Teresa	35
The Column	35
The Octopus	31
The Crisis	30
New Canterbury Tales	29

What Shall We Eat

To Keep Healthy and Strong?

A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits and meats is undoubtedly



ly the best, in spite of the claims made by vegetarians and food cranks generally.

As compared with grains and vegetables meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form, and is digested and assimilated more quickly than vegetables or grains.

Dr. Julius Remousson on this subject says: Nervous persons, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat plenty of meat. If the digestion is too feeble at first it may be easily strengthened by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets taken after dinner will digest several thousand grains of meat, eggs or other animal food in three or four hours, while the malt diastase also contained in Stuart's Tablets causes the perfect digestion of starchy foods, like potatoes, bread, etc., and no matter how weak the stomach may be, no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets because they supply the pepsin and diastase so necessary to perfect digestion, and any form of indigestion and stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach will be overcome by their daily use.

That large class of people who come under the head of nervous dyspepsies should eat plenty of meat and insure its complete digestion by the systematic use of a safe, harmless digestive medicine—Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of the natural digestive principles, pepsines and diastase, which actually perform the work of digestion and give the abused stomach a chance to rest and to furnish the body and brain with the necessary nutriment. Cheap cathartic medicines masquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for relief or cure of indigestion, because they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the indigestion is to make daily use at meal time of a safe preparation which is endorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles, and all this can truly be said of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

All druggists throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain sell them at the uniform price of fifty cents for full treatment.

Editorial Responsibility

The troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the seedy-looking poet who wandered into an English newspaper office, venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering.

"Give me your address," said the editor.

"That, sir," was the frank reply, "depends entirely on yourself."

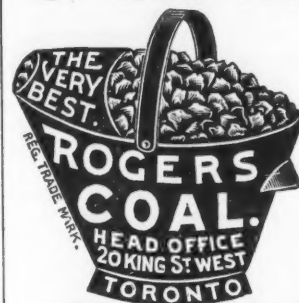
"On myself?" said the astonished edi-

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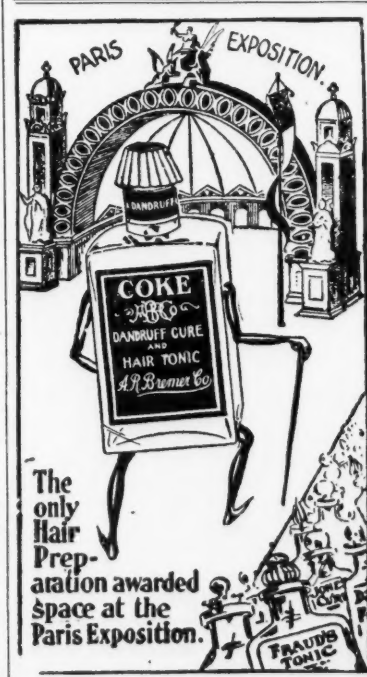
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Makes:

OYSTER PATRIES—One quart oysters, 8 Shredded Wheat Biscuit, 1 pint milk, 4 level tablespoons butter, 1 level tablespoon salt, 1 level tablespoon white pepper. With sharp-pointed knife cut an oblong cavity in top of biscuit 1 inch from sides and ends. Remove top carefully, then all inside shreds, forming a shell. Sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper and put a small piece of butter in bottom. Pick over the oysters and fill the shells, season with salt, pepper, and put in buttered pan. Dip the oblong tops lightly in the oyster liquor, cover the oysters, put bit of butter on top, cover the pan, and bake in quick oven 25 minutes. Serve with white sauce made from the milk, oyster liquor, flour, butter, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon scraped onion.

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tor. "How so?"

"Well, you see," went on the unabashed poet, "it's this way: If you take the poem, my address will remain 77 King Street; if you don't take it I shall have no address. My landlady is a woman of her word."

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A LARGE and distinguished audience greeted Mme. Nordica at her recital in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week. Their presence in the face of high prices for good seats was a convincing testimony to the exalted place the singer holds in the esteem of the music-loving community. Mme. Nordica gave a dozen programme numbers of various styles, and sang throughout with that rare intelligence, clarity of voice and musical finish for which she has long been distinguished. The critics of the daily papers have recorded their impression that at the outset of the recital her voice had lost some of its fullness and sweetness. To me it appeared that she was suffering to a slight extent from the effects of temporary fatigue, and that she regained her accustomed brilliancy and beauty of voice from the stimulation of the hearty appreciation which her efforts met. Singers, like all artists, are very susceptible to physical and mental influences, and when a vocalist of Nordica's accomplishments and natural gifts is not in her best form for a few transient moments there is a too ready disposition on the part of some critics to conclude that the voice has deteriorated. Nordica is only forty-one, and with care there should be no reason why the glory of her voice should be dimmed for some five or six years. Everybody, however, seems agreed that she sang the last half of her programme magnificently both in regard to artistic interpretation and spirit, and beauty of the vocal tones. One might mention the fresh radiance and expressive significance she gave to Handel's and Haydn's Angels Ever Bright and the symmetrical phrasing and refined simplicity of Mozart's Vol che Sapete, her brilliant and accurate execution in Delibes' Les Filles de Cadix, and the wondrous purity and power of the weird cry in Bruch's Call from the Walkure. Mme. Nordica's versatility is very great. In addition to being a most satisfying exponent of both classic and bravura music, she has the art of rendering light genre pieces with an archness and lightness of touch that no other American soprano of the day can hope to rival. To take one instance, her singing of When Love is Kind has never been equalled by any singer who has attempted it in this city. The recital was divided into two by the introduction of a piano solo by the accompanist, Mr. Romayne Simmons, who gave Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor and Scharwenka's Polish Dance with a very neat and accurate technique. The audience was evidently delighted with the recital, and the singer was recalled many times during the evening, and acknowledged the compliment by giving several encore numbers.

Personally I am not an advocate of recitals given by a single artist, but in the case of a singer of the calibre of Nordica one's objections are weakened. The educational value to vocal students of such an evening of song as that given by the American soprano must be great, while the variety of the selections has much to do in preventing any impression of monotony which might be felt in the case of a less versatile artist.

The annual recital of Miss Lina Adamson, Toronto's popular solo violinist, which was given in Association Hall on Monday evening, proved a very enjoyable and successful event. A varied programme containing many substantial compositions and several light pieces was admirably carried out and pleased all tastes. Miss Adamson's solos included Wieniawski's second concerto, Mendelssohn's concerto (two movements), Schumann's Abendlied, Godard's Adagio Pathétique and Nachez's Gypsy Dance. Miss Adamson's playing throughout was careful and conscientious, and technically neat, while her tone was clear and bright. The Mendelssohn concerto was especially as it remains the most pleasing concerto for the instrument yet written, both as a vehicle of display and for its musical attractiveness. Miss Lillian Littlehales, solo 'cellist, made her first appearance here on this occasion since her return from her European tour. She never played with greater authority, with a more commanding and expressive tone, or with more depth of feeling. The professional musicians, of whom there were a large number among the audience, were loud in their expressions of praise, and generally accorded her the position of Canada's representative 'cellonist. One has reason, therefore, to heartily congratulate Miss Littlehales on her unmistakable success. Mr. Emiliano Renaud, the French-Canadian pianist, completed the trio of soloists. His mastery of the keyboard was as much in evidence as on the occasion of his first appearance at Massey Hall recently, but he played with increased clearness, his management of the damper pedal being much more careful and judicious. His "piece de resistance" was the Schubert-Liszt Erl-King, which he played with power, contrast and brilliant execution. Schumann's Nocturne and Schmitt's Carnival Mignon may be mentioned among other numbers in which he was especially successful. Miss Katherine Birnie and Miss Florence Littlehales officiated as accompanists to the satisfaction of their principals and the audience.

Mr. Newman, conductor of the Queen's Hall concerts in London, has won a remarkable triumph in his daring experiment in giving high-class concerts at popular prices. During the season which closed a fortnight ago he held a series of remarkably fine orchestral performances at the astonishingly low rate of four pence for admission. The programmes have included four symphonies, more than a dozen symphonic poems and orchestral suites, a number of works by foreign composers, and novelties by English and other writers. London critics believe

that these cheap concerts have done much towards the education of the masses in the best class of music, and it is gratifying to learn that Mr. Newman will on Boxing night commence a new series.

"Truth" records the fact that the London papers are dropping the custom of giving notices of trivial recitals and other performances of no public interest. Most of these functions are held, it says, for no other purpose than in the hope of securing some sort of "criticism in one or other of the leading papers." The test, it adds, is and always ought to be public interest, and the vocal and instrumental recitals given by semi-amateurs or half-trained students are of no interest to anybody except themselves and their immediate friends. I have no doubt that the Toronto daily papers will very soon have to follow the example of their London contemporaries. The number of pupils' recitals is increasing at so rapid a rate that the mere exigencies of space will make it necessary to omit notices of the kind, unless, indeed, they are inserted as advertising matter.

On Sunday evening last the choir of Central Presbyterian Church were assisted by Miss Ethel Webster of Westport, who sang Coven's Come Unto Me in a very acceptable manner.

Writing to the "Concert-Goer," Mr. Walter L. Rosenberg gives a most enthusiastic account of the playing of the Colonne orchestra of Paris in Leipzig. The excellence of their performance, he says, astonished the Germans for its spirit and color. "How describe," says the correspondent, "the matchless beauty of the wood and brass! Never heard in Leipzig such delicious tones of the oboe which were rich and mellow almost beyond belief. And the clear, smooth trumpets and horns, the perfect roll of the tympani and cymbals and the strings, particularly the 'celli, which sang out in unison recitative like the human voice! All these and more were the cause of the resounding applause that followed every part. The precision of attack, clearness in the most trying moments, and perfect virtuosity of the men, were a revelation."

The Westminster Presbyterian Church choir of this city appeared in concert in Newmarket last week, and gave an excellent account of itself, winning high praise from all the auditors on the occasion. The quartette, consisting of Miss Emily Findlay and Bertha Rogers and Messrs. W. Willard MacCammon and Oliver B. Dorland, was specially appreciated.

William Worth Bailey, the blind solo violinist, of whose playing so many eulogies have been written, will make his first appearance at Massey Hall this (Saturday) evening.

Josef Hoffmann, the great piano virtuoso, gives the following advice to students in the "Ladies' Home Journal." "Do not waste too much time on finger exercises. In the long run they will impair the musical nature of the student. You can employ your time much better by selecting technically difficult passages from good compositions, and by practicing them like études, at the same time studying another new piece. The metronome should only be used from time to time, to ascertain one's ability to keep strict time in playing, but not to practice with. In order to pass the hand from one place to another, remove it always directly upon the key to be touched, and transfer the arm before and after the touch from the taut into the relaxed state. This is the only way to promote endurance. Never practice after becoming tired. Do not practice longer than two hours in succession, and altogether not more than six hours daily. In the distribution of force, one should proceed with the utmost economy. I allude to this because much force is unnecessarily wasted—a fault which produces hard and unpleasant tones. The upper part of the arm should be constantly at rest, except now and then when, as in octave playing, its co-operation is required."

"Su per-Excellence."

The Text For a Few Words on the Subject of Piano Status.

The old saying that "When doctors differ, who shall decide?" applies in the realm of piano-making. There are various high-grade pianos, and various opinions on their respective merits. Who shall say which stands pre-eminent?

A good argument to advance is, it seems to me, something along the line of plain facts, rather than strong assertions, when the claim for piano supremacy is presented. That is the stand taken by the Bell Piano Company in their announcement in this paper to-day. "The Bell" boasts many new, special and exclusive features; and these are specifically exploited, so that the attention of the piano-buyer looking for the high-grade instrument that is "different" from others is secured.

Mr. Gadd (at the police station)—May I see that burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night? Inspector (hesitatingly)—Well, I don't know. What do you want to see him about? Mr. Gadd—Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife.—"Pearson's Weekly."

Papa—Where's my umbrella? I'm sure I put it in the hall-stand with the others last evening. Willie—I guess Mabel's beau took it when he went home last night. Mabel—Why, Willie! The idea! Willie—Well, when he was sayin' good-night to you I heard him say, "I'm going to steal just one."—Exchange.

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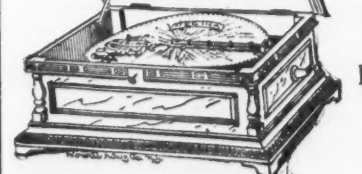
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Owing to pressure of business towards Christmas time, customers would oblige by placing their requirements for Christmas Cakes and Christmas Puddings as early as possible. Orders Now Being Booked.

Social and Personal.

Although Dr. Goldwin Smith threw off the attack of cold which he contracted in New York State recently, he is still not at all strong, and is taking very great care not to overtax himself this winter. His many friends and admirers are anxious to see him quite restored.

Captain Arthur Brown, Highland Light Artillery, has been this week the guest of Mrs. Cawthra, in Beverley street. Mrs. Joseph Cawthra of Gulseley House and Miss Cawthra are being welcomed back very heartily by all their friends. Mr. Jack Cawthra is with his sister, Mrs. Campbell-Renton, at Northampton, Scotland.

Mrs. and Miss Gyp Armstrong received on Tuesdays at 74 St. George street, where they are settled for the season. The Misses Chervitt are also on pension in St. George street, having taken rooms at No. 52.

Mrs. Willson gave a very recherche luncheon on Tuesday, at which the decorations of the table were particularly beautiful and dainty. Red and white roses and a lovely lace and ribbon centerpiece were most effectively arranged. It was a very pleasant affair, not large (the table being set for eight guests only), but thoroughly enjoyable.

Sir Charles Tupper and Dr. Beattie Nesbitt were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt, Floor street, at dinner on Thursday evening, November 21.

Among out-of-town engagements recently announced of interest to Toronto people are those of Dr. Audrey Mussen and Miss Nora Dawes of Montreal; Mr. Godfrey, an Englishman, and Miss Isabelle, daughter of Colonel Pennington Macpherson; Mr. John S. MacKinnon and Miss Clara Stintzel of Hamilton; Mr. James B. Noble of Toronto and Miss Kathleen Robertson of Sherbrooke; Mr. Alexander Culverwell

and Miss Jessie Houghton Hill of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mr. Oscar Baldwin, and Miss Edythe Newman of Montreal.

Mrs. Gunther gives a young people's afternoon tea to-day, in honor of her guest, Miss Muriel Staunton, of Blundellsands, Liverpool, and her niece, Miss Staunton of North street.

Tickets for the Victoria University conversation, which is to be held on December 6, may be obtained from Mr. E. S. Caswell, Methodist Book Room; Ald. J. R. L. Starr, Canada Life Building; Mason & Risch, Ambrose Kent & Sons, Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, J. W. Houston, 1182 Queen street west; W. H. Gilpin, 326 College street; at the library of Victoria University, or from any member of the conversation committee.

On Friday evening of last week Miss Lovell and Miss Fuller gave a dance to their young friends at their home in Madison avenue. Mrs. Lovell assisted her daughters in receiving. She wore a handsome blue voile dress, with touches of white. Miss Fuller was dressed in white taffeta, with lace trimming, and a white 'mum' in her pretty hair. Miss Lovell wore ivory taffeta, with ruchings of chiffon. The ground floor was reserved for dancing, which was kept up till morning. The strains of an orchestra. Refreshments were served in the library. Some of those present were Miss Hazel Hedley, in yellow silk; Miss Beatrice Pearson, in crepe de chine and trimming of poppies; the Misses Milligan, in white satin; Miss McKinnon, white satin, appliqued in gold; Miss May Armstrong, white crepe de chine; Miss Ashley-Dunnet, in pink satin, with trimmings of Mechlin lace; Miss Ruby Croll, in yellow, with soft touches of blue; Misses Fleming, Stoddard, Effie Smith, Messrs. Taylor, Heyes, Sweatman, McKay, Livingstone, Reid, McKenzie, Fahey and a number of others.

Mrs. Duncan Macdonald held her post-nuptial reception last week, and, though her home is a good way from the central points, had a great number of visitors. One lady tells of a humorous experience she had in trying to make a short cut to or from the bridal reception. A passing laborer assured her she could do it, incidentally remarking that there were just two fences to climb. To the urban resident the climbing of fences is a lost art, so the lady (who really wouldn't look well on a fence!) was forced to go the long way round. Mrs. Macdonald received in her wedding gown, a soft and beautiful white crepe, trimmed with chiffon. Mrs. A. A. Macdonald and Miss Flo Gillespie looked after the tea-table, which was a splendid mahogany, crowned with white and gold 'mums, and decorated with white ribbons.

Mrs. Lightbourn of 22 Carlton street gave a tea yesterday. Mrs. W. P. Bull of 46 Avenue road gives an afternoon tea to-day, in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hugh F. Brennan, of Hamilton.

A Timely Hint.

To some it is a great worry selecting articles for holiday gifts, particularly to those out of town, and any aid in choosing is heartily welcomed. Fine leather goods make most attractive and useful gifts, and the Julian Sale Leather Goods Company (Limited) have an exceptionally rich display of new designs. One can find so many things for a lady—a purse is always dainty and in good taste, and they have purses in real elephant, horn back, alligator, real seal, lizard, walrus, moose, and everything they handle is made by themselves, and one is certain to get new styles and fresh goods. Chatelaine bags, shopping bags, writing folios, jewel-cases, toilet-cases, traveling bags—all make gifts that will be appreciated. Selecting for men is sometimes difficult, but with an array of letter-cases, bill books, bill folders, card cases, cigar and cigarette cases, ash trays, with flasks, shaving outfits, collar and cuff cases, hat boxes and suit cases, bags, etc., to choose from, it is an easy matter, and prices range from 10c to \$100.



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Pretty Things For Xmas.

Society has been enjoying an exceptional treat in fine art jewelry at the auction sale of the J. E. Ellis Company's stock, and judging from the way the fair ones have been diving into the perfect sea of beautiful things there will be some handsome presents given this year, as this old established firm have been known to carry nothing but high-class articles. Their large assortment of pretty pearl and diamond pendants and rings is very attractive, and all at your own price, too.

Massey Hall EVENT OF THE MUSICAL SEASON

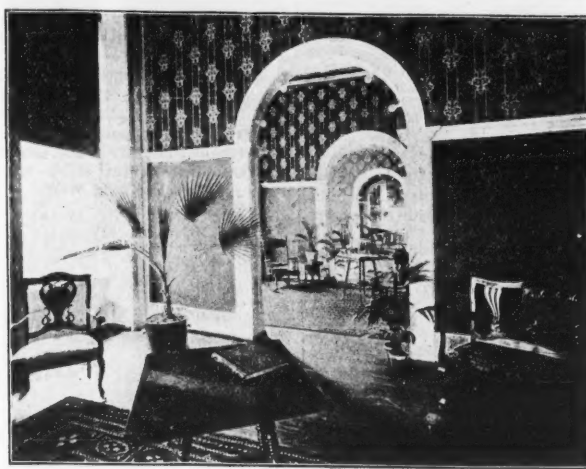
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and indeed they had, for in the waters of a spring that bubbled forth from the ground near what is now St. Catharines, Ont., there were remedial qualities that, used internally and in baths, kept the body in a nearly perfect state of health. When the country finally became civilized, the white settlers were not slow to take advantage of the medicinal qualities of the springs. Twenty or



thirty years ago the old Stephenson House was known to nearly every household in the land, and people came from all over America for recuperation and rest. Since the death of Colonel Stephenson the old house has fallen into disuse, but through the efforts of the Messrs. Malcolmson a new establishment has been founded. The old

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DEAR SIRS,—I take pleasure in informing you that the uniforms which you recently made for the Conductors and Brakemen, who were in charge of the trains conveying Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York and their suites over the Middle Division, were in every way entirely satisfactory, and were favorably commented upon by a number of persons traveling upon their trains.

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Births.

Godden—Nov. 17, Toronto, Mrs. C. P. Godden, a daughter.

Shaw—Nov. 20, Mrs. W. S. Shaw, a son.

Williamson—Nov. 21, Brantford, Mrs. D. T. Williamson, a son.

Westover—Nov. 14, Weston, Mrs. Edwin Westover, a daughter.

Marriages.

McGahay—Davis—On Monday, Nov. 18th, 1901, at St. Michael's Cathedral, by Rev. Dr. Tracey, assisted by Rev. Frank Walsh, C.S.B., Dr. R. J. McGahay to Miss Kate Davis, both of Toronto.

Carey—Kearns—Nov. 21, Toronto, Frank W. Carey to Emma Gertrude Kearns.

Powell—Faithful—Nov. 21, Toronto, James Powell to Lydia Faithful.

Bulling—Helliwell—Nov. 21, New York, William B. Bulling to Lilyan Lord Helliwell.

McLaren—Houston—Nov. 25, Niagara Falls, William Frederick McLaren to Alice Mary Houston.

Deaths.

Bird—Nov. 28, Toronto, Marie C. Bird.

Burger—Nov. 22, Toronto, John Sheelin Burger, aged 75.

Murphy—Glasgow, Janet Kathleen Murphy.

Robinson—Nov. 23, Toronto, Alicia Robinson, in her 56th year.

Nelson—Nov. 22, Toronto, Horatio W. Nelson.

Hill—Nov. 21, Toronto, J. Egerton Hill, aged 19.

Stark—Nov. 30, Ottawa, R. J. Stark.

Duggan—Nov. 20, Hamilton, Caroline Duggan, aged 83.

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CORNER YONGE AND TEMPERANCE STREETS.

Chimmie Fadden at the New York Horse Show.

"CHAMBERS," having been presented by his master, Mr. Paul, with tickets for the show, takes "the Duchess" along with him. He afterwards relates as follows what occurred:

When we floats to de box Duchess hists a lornyet to her peeper, and takes a peep at folks around us wit such side on her I felt like giving away brownstone fronts on de Avenoo. I was watching Mr. Paul in de ring, driving his four-in-hand like he does everything else—as if it was so easy it made him tired—and when he swung around by us he takes a peep at our box, looking for Whiskers, I spose. He seen me, tips me a solemn wink, and when he wins de foist prize he strolls over to us, wit his hands in his pockets. He leans over de box, and says, "Hortense"—what is Duchess' name—"you is looking like a bunch of fleurs-de-lis dis evening."

"Merci, M'sieu," says Duchess, passing him out a bow dat paralyzed de mugs rubbering to see who Mr. Paul was talking to. "Tell me, M'sieu Paul," she says, "why all de big space in de center is turned into a stable? If de loidies was let to prom'nade dere, dey could show dere gowns twice as well. Is dere not stalls enough in New York for de horses?" she says, "without wasting good space on 'em here?"

"Madam Fadden," says Mr. Paul—I always dies when I hears Duchess called Mrs. Fadden—"you has wisdom as well as wit. Having a pull here," he says, "I shall arrange next year to put de horses in de boxes and de loidies in de ring."

He gives me a wink to folley him, and says, "Chambers, would you like a glass of wine at de Waldorf?"

"I'd radder have a glass of beer on de Bowery," I says. "But I'm not proud. What's doing?" I says.

"Dere is a young gent here," he says, "who has nothing but boodle to burn, and is looking for a fire."

"I has a match," I says.

"So I recalled," says Mr. Paul. "Me young fren comes from Phil'delphia," he says, "but I wishes him no harm on dat account. His brodder wired me to see dat de youngster had a good time, but not too good."

"What's doing?" I says again.

"I shall present him to you and Hortense," says Mr. Paul, "and I suspect he'll not quite catch your names. But if he heard you call Hortense 'Duchess,' de plot would ticken so you couldn't stir it wit a golf club."

Well, pretty soon Mr. Paul chases up to de box wit a nice Willie in tow. "Madam de Tarumsky," says Mr. Paul, "I begs to resent me fren Mr. Rittenhouse," he says, and Duchess passes out a coy glance to Ritty. "Mr. Fadden," says Mr. Paul to me, "shake hands wit me fren," he says.

I says nothing for a while, for Ritty struck such a girl I was out of de running. But when he'd asked Duchess about de loidies in all de boxes—say, you should heard de pedigree she give some of 'em! Police—I saw me opening, and jumps in wit, "Duchess," I says, and at de woid little Ritty near fell out de box. "Me dear Duchess," I says, "Je suis fatigued," I says, "and I has a toist on me like a dry pump."

"Let us go home," says Duchess, tumbling quick, for she's fuder from being a farmer dan de Bronx is from de Battery. "Let us go home and have a boid and a bottle," she says.

"Is it not part of de Horse Show, your Grace," says Ritty, "to have de boid at de Waldorf?"

"To be sure," she says. "When one has seen de animals perform, one goes to see 'em feed."

"Good!" says Ritty. "Your Grace has quite de wit. May I have de pleasure of showing your Grace and Mr. Fadden de animals at feed?"

"You're on," I says.

"Vous etes tres-aimable!" says Duchess, fetching him a smile dat stunned him.

Well, he hikes out of de Garden, flags a carriage, and rolls to Mr. Waldorf's inn, where a million odder dry-and-hungries was headed. All tables what wasn't filled had chairs turned up; but Duchess gives de boss waiter a line of forn talk, and he hustled a table

it himself on a chafing-dish; and all de time was telling us what a warm proposition Phil'delphia is.

Well, I kept de bottle from getting stuck in de cooler, and, by de time we was feeding, de plug was out of an-oddor X raise bottle, and we was de cheerfulest workers in de dining-room. Ritty was "your Grace"-ing Duchess till folks at odder tables was rubbering us to beat a windmill.

When Ritty put up de price—and de size of de meal ticket never jarred him—Duchess tips me de wink to fly de coop, and we bucks de center till me made a touch-down in Tholty-fort Street. Just den Perkins, our butler, who was having his night off, comes along, and when he sees me and Duchess wit de swell Willie, he gives us de ha ha. "Chambers," he says, "you'd better go home; your master wants you."

"Fellow," I says. "On your way, fellow!" I says.

"Who is he?" says Ritty. "Shall I trash him?"

"He is a drunken butler I had to discharge last week," I says.

It was a long-shot bluff, but it went, for Perky was so mad he couldn't speak.

We waitzes up de Avenoo, and stops at de swelltest house in it, where a goil Duchess knows is a maid. "Sorry," says Duchess to Ritty, "dat I can't ask you in to smoke a cigarette, but de house is all tored up by decorators—

I can't even get in by de front entrance." Den she rings de bell at de servants' door. Has she a noive?

What! Ritty says bon soir, says he has de time of his life, chases—and we calls on de help!

A few days after dat de loidy what lives in dat house says to Miss Fannie, "Don't your husband's valet call your maid 'Duchess'?"

"Yes," says Miss Fannie. "What mischief has dey been doing now?"

"Notting very bad," says de loidy wit a laugh, "but if your maid is fond of flowers and candy, send her to my house. About a ton of 'em comes every day from Phil'delphia, addressed to de 'Duchess de Tarumsky.' I refused to take 'em in, but my maid receives 'em, and says she knows who dey is for."

A Distinguished Family.

"I have always thought that a man named Smith, or Jones or Brown was handicapped in the race for a career, but now I have reason to take a more hopeful view of it," says a man named Smith, quoted in the Philadelphia "Record."

"I was talking recently with an old friend of mine about some ambitions that I have long cherished, and he said to me: 'You'll have to change your name. The world refuses to take a man seriously whose name is Smith.'"

Although he said this jokingly, I was somewhat impressed, for it was rather in the line of my own thoughts. Several days later I picked up a copy of

"Who's Who in America," a book that contains biographical sketches of persons prominent in the professions and in public life. Just out of curiosity I turned to count 123 of them, to say nothing of ten Smyths. There were also sixty Browns and forty-six Joneses. This was a revelation to me, and it has given me renewed hope."

Laid Up.

A Strong Man on His Back Through Kidney Trouble.

A Toronto Contractor Who Was Never Without Pain For Years, and Who Had Many Times to Quit Work—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him Well.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 28 (Special).—At No. 86 Lippincott street, in this city, resides Mr. W. J. Keane. Mr. Keane is a contractor, and is one of the best known men in his line of business in Toronto.

Like many other successful men, Mr. Keane has suffered during his busy life a great deal, from kidney disorders. For years he suffered great pain. He was forced at times to quit his work altogether and go to bed. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and is well. This is what he says about it:

"It gives me great pleasure to write in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the good they have done me. I am never without them."

"I have been a great sufferer with pains in my back, in the region of my kidneys. I was very sick, and at times could not attend to my work at all."

"I used several medicines, but nothing I ever tried seemed to help me in the least, until a friend of mine advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I immediately found relief, and was able to resume my work."

"I used altogether seven boxes before being completely cured. Since then I have never been sick a day. I have never had the slightest indication of a return of the trouble."

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Lotta's Shower of Gold.

L OTTA, the actress, after a retirement of many years, has come anew into public attention, this time as manager of a theater in Boston which she has owned for some years, but which heretofore she had leased.

In private life Lotta is Miss Charlotte Crabtree, a most charming and dignified lady of petite figure and middle age. She has lived in retirement for nearly twenty years. She left the stage at the height of her popularity for reasons that have never been definitely stated. She had always been singularly successful, so successful that when she quitted active life it was said that she was worth nearly a million dollars.

Lotta was born in San Francisco amid very humble surroundings, and long before she was out of short clothes had made her appearance as a banjo player in the San Francisco music halls. She could play so well,

and sing so well, and tell stories so well, that she became an innocent favorite with the rough element before which she appeared, and it is of record that the utmost decorum always prevailed when she was on the stage.

Her singular influence over rough men was exemplified by an incident that occurred when she was about seventeen. In charge of her mother, she was making a tour of the Nevada mining camps. She landed at Hamilton, one of the roughest camps in the Territory. An expectant crowd of particularly rough miners was at the tavern to meet her when the stage drove up. The great theatrical event had been announced somewhat in advance, and the miners had looked forward with boundless joy to the appearance of the gay soubrette who was coming to entertain them.

When there alighted from the stage a spare, elderly lady, who was Mrs. Crabtree, and a little girl in short frocks, who was Miss Crabtree, the disappointment was loudly and vociferously expressed. However, any show was better than none, and that evening the miners fairly packed the place where the show was to take place. Two billiard tables had been pushed together to make a stage, a curtain being dropped between for purposes of retirement. At the hour set for the opening there stepped from behind this curtain, on to the front billiard table, a demure little creature with skirts reaching to the knees, and carrying a banjo slung negligently over her shoulders.

The audience was very cold. In less than half an hour, however, Lotta had every mother's son of them in a state of high-wrought enthusiasm.

She sang to them, danced for them, and told them funny stories with tireless energy, and they encored her again and again. Finally one man in the audience, carried entirely away by enthusiasm, came down to the front with a whoop, and, throwing something on the stage, cried out:

"There; you can have my pile!"

The example was contagious. In less than a minute every man in the place was scrambling eagerly forward to divest himself of riches in order to lay them at Lotta's feet.

The result of that night's work was the most profitable in the history of Miss Lotta's career on the stage, either in Nevada or anywhere else.

A moral failure that falls is bad enough, but one that succeeds is considerably worse.

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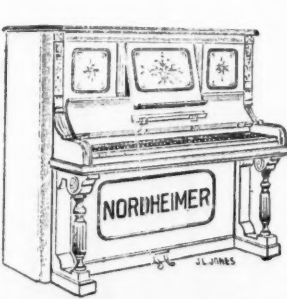
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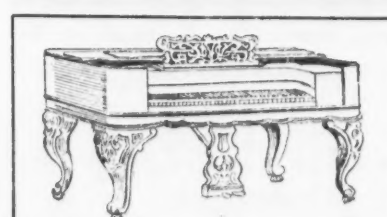


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You would be able to guess had you read "Young Barbarians," by Ian Maclaren.

The "British Weekly," in the same paragraph, said also:

"Young Barbarians" deserves to rank with "Treasure Island." We can imagine statesmen and judges, and all sorts of staid and sober men, becoming boys once more, and sitting up long after bedtime to read of the exploits of Speug and Nestie—yet there is nothing over-refined, or beyond boys in this most fascinating group of seminary tales.

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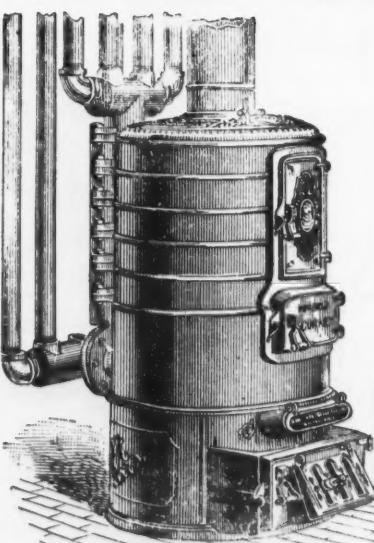
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"WALLACE LLOYD" (Dr. Algie of Alton, Ont.), whose Houses of Glass, published three years ago, was in many respects a novel of both promise and power, has published through Messrs. Langton & Hall a new work of fiction, under the title of Bergen Worth. The author has unmistakable native talent. While he trusts to his own knowledge of life and his own instinctive feeling for the right means to an artistic end, he charms us. So soon as he gets beyond the range of personal experience or attempts a little "fine writing" after the style of the conventional story-teller, he becomes emaculated, wishy-washy and saccharine. The Doctor has good powers as a realist. He is a close and shrewd observer of life—more especially of life in rural communities, such as his own village home. He dissects and analyzes commonplace character with the coolness and sureness of a skilled general practitioner. With his power to see clearly, describe accurately and dispassionately, he has an unfortunate proneness to be occasionally rhetorical, even melodramatic. This detracts seriously from the excellences of his work. For instance, what could be more weak and even mirth-provoking than the statement, in a description of the great Chicago railway strike of 1894, that "loud-voiced agitators had unchained the tiger of irresponsibility and goaded to madness the wolf of want"? And, again, take the following:

"But our traveler had other reasons for haste than the inclemency of the weather. Though little after 4 o'clock, the murky sky threatened to bring the day to an early close. The shades of night were already beginning to fall, and she had evidently considerable distance to travel. The only dwelling visible in the direction in which she was going was a log house at the farther end of the swamp. Assuming this to be her destination, she had more than a mile of mud to traverse, and not only would she probably get a thorough wetting, but it seemed likely that darkness would overtake her before she reached home."

This is fearfully weak, and it is so because in the effort to be impressive the writer descends to a too painful particularity and to repetition. We are informed three several times that it was getting dark. First of all, "the murky sky threatened to bring the day to an early close." Secondly, "the shades of night were already beginning to fall." Thirdly and lastly, "it seemed likely that darkness would overtake her." A writer who has certainly mastered more than the A, B, C of his art, and who at times displays uncommon power, ought to "kill" such stuff as this in his "copy" before it gets into type at all.

Notwithstanding obvious defects of this character, Bergen Worth is an entertaining book, enlivened with many sage and penetrating comments on men and the life of men, as suggested by the progress of the plot. The story is of love and crime—at times quite conventional, at other times making sharp curves and turns towards the unforeseen and the novel. The story has what most story-lovers like, a happy ending. Though at times almost on a level with the dime dreadful, the book presents qualities which largely redeem it from the taint of sensationalism. We do not think, however, that Bergen Worth is either so good a story or so wholesome a book as Houses of Glass.

The author gives us a great many suggestive character studies. One of the memorable personages in Bergen Worth is Dr. Elliot. Here is a short extract showing how "Wallace Lloyd" can paint character with a few bold strokes and at the same time tell a good story:

Dr. Elliot was one of Crombie's heroes. Once, when he and the doctor were out on a boat on Lake Michigan, the boat was upset by a squall, and nothing but the physician's presence of mind saved them from drowning. The doctor, after assisting Crombie, who could not swim, to a position where he could hold on to the keel of the overturned boat, gave one of his cynical laughs.

"It's just doubtful, Crombie, whether I did you a kindness then or not. Some day you may have reason to curse me for it. I wouldn't mind the long sleep myself, but I suppose the sensation of drowning is not very pleasant. When I get tired of the play I intend to ring down the curtain myself."

The white-caps were breaking around them, filling their mouths with water and spray, the wind was off shore and not a sail was in sight.

"But we are not out of the woods yet," continued the doctor. "It's only an off-chance whether we've been seen from the shore. I promised myself the pleasure of getting even with that Italian count to-night and I don't like to have fate fool me out of it. Pshaw!" he went on, as he blew some water from his mouth and brushed his hair from his eyes, "I didn't have any say as to when or where I came into this world, but I did intend to have a voice in my exit."

Crombie broke down. He wept like a child. "Poor mother! The will that will kill her! Doctor, I have the best mother that ever God put breath in, and a brother who would die for me; besides, I've done a good many wrong things. I'd like to make right."

"Don't excite yourself, Crombie. It isn't worth while. It will be all the same a hundred years hence. Life is a d—d hoax anyway, a delusion and a snare, a game that isn't worth the candle. If it weren't for the unpleasant sensation and the devilish coldness of the water I wouldn't mind the trip to Davy Jones's locker."

"Don't, Doctor. Don't blaspheme. This may be our last hour. I hope God will forgive me, and you too. My hands are getting numb. I shall have to let go."

"Wait! I have a couple of handkerchiefs. We'll tie our wrists together over the keel and then destiny can do as she d—d please as far as I'm concerned, for I am getting tired of this

game. You seem to have a bigger stake than I have, so you can suit yourself about asking favors. But there's really none going."

When picked up by a rescuing boat both men were unconscious. Crombie never forgot his companion's first words.

"It's d—d humiliating to have fate playing fast and loose with a fellow like that. But there's one consolation—my friend, the Italian, will have to foot the bill."

To essay to write new Canterbury Tales a modern author, in the vernacular of the street, "needs his nerve with him." Following in Chaucer's footsteps is a task that might be compared to making a new Shakespeare. Yet Maurice Hewlett, author of Richard Yea-and-Nay, The Forest Lovers and other delectable things in fiction, is undaunted by even so great a name and fame as that of England's Geoffrey. "Pray do not suppose," he beseeches us, "that Chaucer were the only pilgrims to woo the Canterbury way with stories, nor that theirs was the only road by which to seek the Head of Thomas. His people may have set the fashion and himself a tantalizing standard of attainment; but that is a poor-hearted chronicler who withholds from a tale because some other has told one well." The most cogent excuse, this, that could possibly have been offered for so daring a hazard. Words that fewer of us trembled to break a lance with the immortals on their own ground. Most men fear to do what others have not done, but here is one who fears not to try again what the highest have accomplished—a more positive form of courage, even, than that required in the striking out upon a new and uncharted course. And, truly, Maurice Hewlett, in his new Canterbury Tales (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company), challenges comparison with Chaucer not without a show for honorable judgment in modern eyes. The Tales—there are six of them—are delightful pieces of literature. Mr. Hewlett is of the fleshly school of writers. He has a fine eye for color, form and substance. His spell is richly sensuous at times. Yet he is not erotic. The tellers of the New Canterbury Tales are: the Lady Prioresse of Ambresbury, Master Corbet the Scrivener of London, Dan Costard the Prioresse's confessor, Smith the shipman of Hull, Captain Brazenhead, formerly of Milan, and Percival Perceforest, who was born in Gloucester. A goodly and representative array of their times. All the stories but one have already appeared in periodical literature: the Scrivener's tale and Captain Brazenhead's tale in the "Fortnightly Review"; the Prioresse of Ambresbury's tale in "Collier's Weekly"; Richard Smith's in "Harper's Magazine"; and Percival Perceforest's in the "Anglo-Saxon Review." Dan Costard's tale is new, and to many will seem to be the least meritorious of the lot. The book is daintily bound in yellow cloth, with brown lettering and a white and mauve decorative figure on the front cover. Altogether a handsome and appropriate gift book for one possessed of literary cultivation.

The volume of short stories by Maxim Gorky, Orloff and His Wife or Tales of the Barefoot Brigade, translated by Miss Hagood and published by Scribners, confirms the impression received from the novel, From Gorky, with which the Russian novelist was introduced to us a couple of months ago. That is to say, it consists of unmistakably veracious, sincere and powerful studies of the more grimy aspects of Russian life, studies which are as interesting as they are painful to read. Indeed, the story which gives its title to the book opens on a note not ill calculated to cause many a reader to put it from him with all but its first page unread. We are introduced to a filthy cellar in a house consequent of the terrible poverty, and in this cellar a drunken shoemaker is administering an atrocious beating to his wife. Here is squalor with a vengeance! But Gorky triumphs over the deplorable darkness and dirt of his material. Some of his details could undoubtedly be spared—it is clear from this book, as from its predecessor, that he lacks the selective instinct of the artist—but as the dreary tale proceeds the profound feeling for humanity which is at the bottom of his conception of literature comes more and more to the surface. All through the book his passionate sympathy for the spiritual and physical sufferings of his poorer countrymen makes itself felt, and although, as we have said, it is impossible to read him without wincing, it is equally impossible to ignore his honesty, his strength and his real importance as an interpreter of certain intensely characteristic phases of Russian life.

The Christmas number of the "Metropolitan Magazine" will be one of exceptional interest and beauty. Among the distinguished contributors are Mrs. Sarah Grand, author of The Heavenly Twins; Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago; President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University; Gene Stratton-Porter and Elsie De Wolfe. An illustrated novelette of unusual merit from the pen of the brilliant young novelist, Wolcott Le Cleair Beard, forms one of the fictional features. The most remarkable American poem since the publication of Markham's Man With the Hoe is also a striking feature of the Christmas "Metropolitan." Five short stories, ten newsy special articles, four clever poems, sixteen portraits of noted and beautiful society women (printed in four colors), and over one hundred and fifty superb illustrations in the text make this the best number of the "Metropolitan" ever issued. The Christmas "Metropolitan" is for sale by all newsdealers at fifteen cents a copy or \$1.50 per annum. The magazine is published at 116 Nassau street, New York.

The "Century Magazine" will make of 1902 a year of humor. The contributors to the year of humor will embrace "Mark Twain," F. P. Dunne ("Mr.

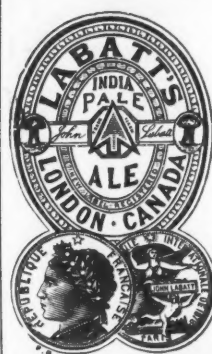
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Dooley"), Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Edward W. Townsend ("Chimmie Fadden"), George Ade, Ruth McEnery Stuart, James Whitcomb Riley, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Gelett Burgess, Frank R. Stockton, Tudor Jenks, Ellis Parker Butler, Carolyn Wells, Harry S. Edwards, Chester Bailey Fernald, Charles Battell Loomis, Oliver Herford, Elliott Flower, Albert Bigelow Paine, Beatrice Herford. There will be reminiscences and portraits of "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Josh Billings," "Mark Twain," John G. Saxe, "Mrs. Partington," "Miles O'Reilly," "Hans Breitmann," "Artemus Ward," "Opheus C. Kerr," "Bill Nye," "Frank R. Stockton," "Donald G. Mitchell," "H. C. Bunner," "Sam Slick," Eugene Field, Richard Grant White, Captain George H. Derby ("John Phoenix"), Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mortimer Thomson ("Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P.B."), Bret Harte. Other features will be: The West, illustrated by Remington; interesting papers on social life in New York; personal articles on Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. Any reader of this paragraph will receive a copy of a beautiful booklet printed in six colors, giving full plans of the "Century" in 1902, by addressing the Century Company, Union Square, New York.

F. Marion Crawford's next story, The Harvest of the Sword, is said to be one of the most ambitious he has yet written, for in it he introduces a series of characters memorable in history and literature. It turns upon the struggles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and Francesca da Rimini, Count Ugolino and Dante are all introduced. The story will begin its career as a serial in the London "Sphere" early next year.

Stanley Weyman's novel, Count Hannibal, will be published shortly. The scene of the story is laid in France, and opens on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, If I Were King, which is being presented in New York by E. H. Sothern, has

prepared a way for the romantic novel founded on the career of Francois Villon, on which Mr. McCarthy has been at work for some years. The story will bear the same name as the play, but in the book the author has necessarily wider scope for detail and episode.

Beatrice Harraden has written twenty chapters of her new novel, but will spend six or seven months' work on it before it is finished. It is a study of temperaments, and all its characters are moved to Norway for a time, among the peasants with whom Miss Harraden spent several months last year when she broke her ankle in dismounting from her pony.

Jerome K. Jerome has written a novel entitled Paul Kelter, the longest and most ambitious book he has ever produced, being, in fact, quite outside of the humorous vein with which Mr. Jerome has so long been identified.

"Lucas Malet" has revised her novel Sir Richard Calmady to the extent of leaving out a certain objectionable scene—one which the readers of the book will have no difficulty in identifying.

It is stated in the Supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography that, while in prison, the late Oscar Wilde wrote a kind of apology for his life, a MS. amounting to about 45,000 words, now in the hands of his literary executor.

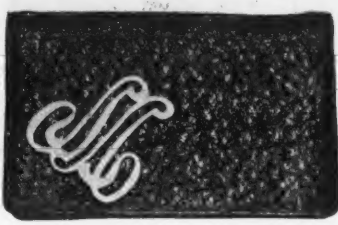
Just Like Doctors.

The doctor examined his patient carefully, and, with a grave face, told him that he was very ill, and asked if he had consulted anyone else. "Oh," said the man, "I went to see a druggist and asked his advice, and he—" "Druggist!" the doctor broke in, angrily: "what was the good of that? The best thing you can do when a druggist gives you a bit of advice is to do exactly the opposite." "And he," the patient continued, "advised me to come to you."—Ex.



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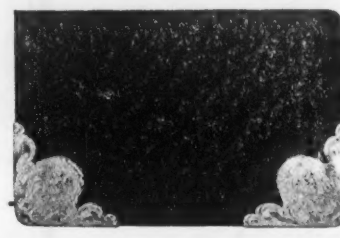
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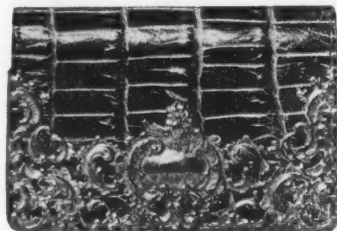
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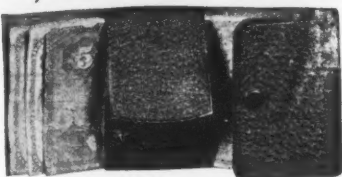
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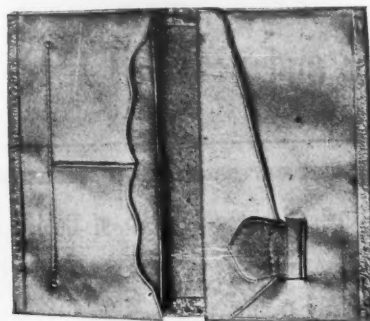
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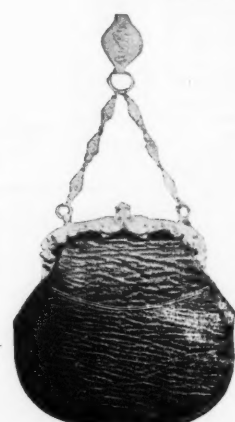


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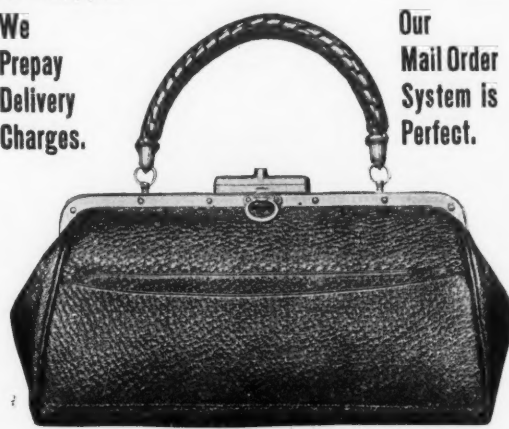
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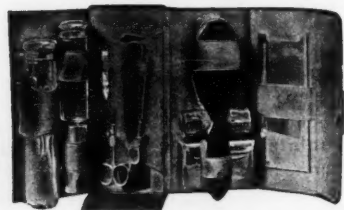


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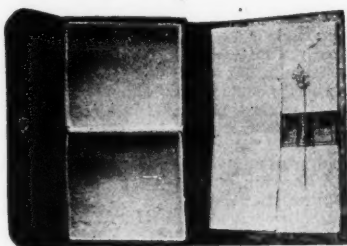
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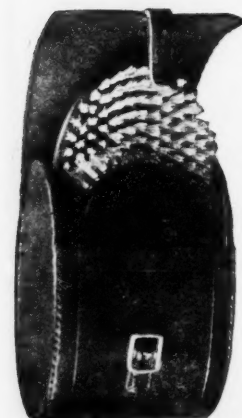
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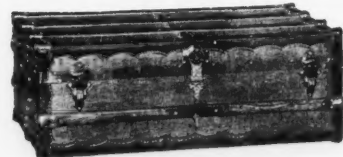


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